HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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The number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *issued March 9 contains the ninth instalment of "Jo's Opportunity," by* LUCY C. LILLIE; *the second of "René: A Fifteenth-century Story," by* ESTHER CARR; *and a short story by* DAVID KER.

Articles of an instructive and practical character are "The Drawing Club," by MISS ALICE DONLEVY; *"Living Lunch Baskets," by* JOHN R. CORYELL; *and "How to Make a Tennis Net," by* CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON. *The first of these articles is distinguished by originality of treatment, and the last by the clearness of presentation which makes an apparently complicated art perfectly simple.*

The principal illustration is

"WHO ARE YOU?"

which is done after a painting by F. S. CHURCH, N.A., *who also contributes a drawing entitled "Our Northern Correspondent."*

Other illustrations are, "Flying Moments of Delight" (from a photograph), and drawings by W. T. SMEDLEY, C. D. WELDON, JESSIE SHEPHERD, *and others.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

1888.

As the first year of the present administration ends, the preliminaries of the next Presidential contest begin. The Republican dinner at Detroit at which Senators EVARTS and LOGAN and Governor FORAKER spoke, and the supper of the Logan Invincibles at Baltimore, are understood to be correctly interpreted as presentations of the two Senators as Presidential candidates. Mr. EVARTS's speech at Detroit was a careful statement of his view of what should be the Republican "cries." But there was no "nomination" made at the dinner even in the exuberance of enthusiasm. It was different at Baltimore, where Senator LOGAN was cheered as the candidate. There were loud and general shouts of "LOGAN and '88," and it is understood that Senator LOGAN regards himself as a candidate, while it is generally believed that Senator EVARTS looks upon himself in the same light. Meanwhile it was at least a droll coincidence that while the papers were reporting the Detroit and Baltimore beginnings of "booms," they should also publish profuse extracts from the second volume of Mr. BLAINE's history. It was during the conventions to elect delegates in 1884 that similar extracts from the first volume appeared. A story is told of a touching inscription upon the tombstone of a worthy haberdasher in the cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, to the effect that the afflicted widow continues the business at the old stand. The important fact in the preliminary movements of the next Presidential campaign is one that we have had occasion to point out more than once, namely, that neither party represents a definite policy upon any of the paramount public questions, and the election will be therefore a test of the comparative confidence of the country in the two parties. When neither party represents a distinct policy, the practical question inevitably is, which upon the whole can be most safely trusted to take the better course upon important measures? In deciding this question the character of the nominations and the recent conduct of the party are essential considerations. The situation was much the same in 1884, when the result was determined by the nominations.

The Democratic party during the first year of its administration has done little to win popular confidence, not because its President has done ill, but because his best views and purposes have received no hearty and unanimous support from his party. This is proved not only by the angry tone of a large part of the Democratic press, but by the defensive air of the speeches of the President's party friends. The Pan-electric scandal also is a very serious affair for the Democrats. The Whiskey Ring frauds and the post-tradership scandal under a Republican administration were held to be evidences of party decadence and the results of a too long tenure of power by one party. But the Pan-electric scandal in the first year of Democratic restoration is a startling portent. The Democratic difference with the President upon the silver question is another significant illustration of the situation. The party is swiftly making its record for the campaign of '88. Its sole great advantage to which it owed its success in 1884 was its candidate, now the President. Its true policy after the election was plain. It was complete identification with the President as its representative leader. But it has thrown away its advantage and discarded its policy. The President's course has rent, not united, his party. The Democratic party has not won the confidence of the friends of sound finance or of civil service reform, while the Democratic President is by far the best that the Democratic party ever elected.

The Republican party also is making its record for the campaign. Thus far it has the credit of an admirable act to regulate the Presidential succession. But on the silver question Senator EVARTS, elected last year from New York, where the declarations of both party conventions sustain the President's position, is singularly silent, and is understood to differ from the opinion of New York as thus expressed, and as he is understood to desire the Presidency, he cannot be supposed to believe that the Republican party as a party has either a faith or a policy upon that subject. He holds, perhaps, that the demand of the last Republican National Convention for "efforts" to unite all commercial nations upon "an international standard to fix for all the relative value of gold and silver coinage" is exceedingly suggestive of the want of a common party conviction. But the signs indicate that the chief Republican reliance will be placed upon the alleged failure of the President to fulfil his pledge of reform in the civil service. It is proposed by this course to regain the independent Republican support which was alienated by the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, the argument being that whatever the sincere convictions and desire of the President may be, his party will not permit him to carry them out, and that without his party he is practically as powerless for reform as the Pope without the Church. This is a shrewd plan. But its weakness as a party game is that it is not played by a reform party. There are more Republicans than Democrats who are friendly to reform. But there is no question that a Republican President would have filled offices as their terms expired with Republicans, as Mr. CLEVELAND has filled them with Democrats, and there is no reason to doubt that he would have suspended quite as many as President CLEVELAND has suspended. Should the Senate prove the Democratic President's conduct to have been inconsistent, it could not allege or imply that a Republican President would be less inconsistent, and the game so far would be lost. If the Republican Senate would vote to open its doors and to raise the veil of secrecy, and it should then appear that Republican Senators and politicians had taken no part in the scramble for patronage, and if in Republican States it could be shown also that the reformed system is introduced by law or enforced by Republican authority, and that Republican leaders are honest reformers, then, but not otherwise, might the party claim to be a reform party. To have a little more antislavery leaven than the Democratic party did not make the Whig party an antislavery party, and to count more reformers than the Democrats does not make the Republican a reform party. The Presidential prospect is evidently still very obscure.

MR. SCHURZ AND MR. BLAINE.

An active public man and a party leader is in an unfortunate position when he writes the history of affairs in which he has taken a prominent part, or treats of other public men with whom he may not only have differed, but who may have successfully opposed his political projects or thwarted his personal ambition. GLADSTONE'S account of DISRAELI or DISRAELI'S of GLADSTONE, CLAY'S view of WEBSTER or WEBSTER'S of CLAY, HAMILTON'S of JEFFERSON or JEFFERSON'S of HAMILTON, would have been read with interest, but they could not be accepted as more than the views of interested political diarists of an opponent or a rival. When Mr. SEWARD was asked if he had kept even a diary during the war for the Union, he said that he had intended to do so, and had procured a book for the purpose, but had decided that inevitably it would be regarded as an *apologia*, a defence, however unconscious, of his own public views and conduct, and therefore that it would be labor lost. It was not a wise conclusion, as the diary of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS shows. Such journals are most serviceable. They are the testimonies of interested and partisan eye-witnesses and actors. They are not history, but they are among the most valuable materials of history. This is the way in which Mr. BLAINE'S history must be regarded. His estimates of the public men of his time are those of a party leader who is yet engaged in party controversy and is still animated by political ambition. They are therefore inevitably the pictures of a party pamphlet, moderated and restrained by the historical tone, but not tempered by the historical spirit.

This is especially true of his portrait of Mr. SCHURZ. Both Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. BLAINE are by taste, talent, and training public men. They are of about the same age, and their public career has been devoted to the same political controversies. They have both been Senators and members of the Cabinet. Mr. BLAINE also has been Speaker, Mr. SCHURZ a foreign minister and a general in the Union army; Mr. BLAINE has been also a candidate for the Presidency, and Mr. SCHURZ was by far the most powerful and effective of his opponents upon the stump. In no Presidential campaign has one speech been a more trenchant and terrible statement and argument against a candidate than Mr. SCHURZ's Brooklyn speech against Mr. BLAINE. It was the armory of the campaign for Mr. BLAINE's opponents, and no single speech of the campaign contributed so largely to the result. These facts were not absent from the mind of Mr. BLAINE writing immediately after the election, and inevitably his personal feeling affects his view of Mr. SCHURZ. Again, Mr. BLAINE is essentially a partisan in politics, Mr. SCHURZ essentially an "independent." Like every partisan, Mr. BLAINE identifies certain principles at all times and under all circumstances with a particular party, and is subject, like all other men, to the spirit which seeks the success of party rather than the triumph of principle. Mr. SCHURZ, regarding not only the special party policy, but general political principle, sees party tendency to be often dangerous to political honesty and good government, and holds that temporary defeat may be more serviceable to the true party policy, to public character, and to politics themselves, than success in a particular election. This difference implies a difference of personal temperament, of political philosophy, and of the true grounds of political action, which, when combined with the natural bitterness of ambition baffled by such differences, totally disqualifies Mr. BLAINE to estimate Mr. SCHURZ fairly. He does not say, for he cannot, that Mr. SCHURZ has ever devoted his ability to the defence of an unsound national policy, or to the extenuation of public abuses, or to the promotion of any but the best and wisest measures, or that he has ever been accused or suspected of prostituting public place to his private advantage. An original and earnest Republican, and usually in sympathy with that party, Mr. SCHURZ supported Mr. GREELEY in 1872 and Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, and upon both occasions he acted with other conscientious, independent, and patriotic Republicans.

It cannot be truthfully said, however, that his course shows instability of political principle and vacillation of conduct, unless it be held that unwavering support of a party under all circumstances is the best test of such stability. Lord MELBOURNE, indeed, said that he meant by supporter one who would support him when he was wrong. But Lord MELBOURNE also said "that d——d morality ruins everything." This also is a general opinion in "practical" political circles. But it was not the opinion of JOHN JAY, with whom Mr. SCHURZ undoubtedly agrees. Mr. JAY was a Federalist, but in opposing a candidate of his party he said for himself and the friends who acted with him:

> "We approve of the customary mode of nominating candidates, and have uniformly concurred in it; that concurrence certainly involved our tacit consent to be bound by the nominations which should be so made. But it is equally certain that such consent did, does, and ever will rest on the condition, trust, and confidence that such nominations only be made as we would or can support without transgressing the obligations we are under to preserve our characters and our minds free from humiliation and reproach. ....Adherence to party has its limits, and they are prescribed and marked by that Supreme Wisdom which has united and associated true policy with rectitude and honor and self-respect."

This is a wiser and more manly view of party and of party relations than that which holds honor and patriotism to consist in "sticking to the party through thick and thin."

The contemporaries of both the public men of whom we speak easily perceive the injustice and the possibly unconscious reason of Mr. BLAINE's estimate of Mr. SCHURZ. But whatever the final history of our recent politics may say of Mr. BLAINE, it will say of Mr. SCHURZ that his career has conspicuously illustrated the virtues of fidelity to conviction, of official integrity, and of political independence, which our public life has too often lacked, and that the highest political principle and every sound public policy and wise reform have found in him an able and fearless advocate.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL MESSAGE.

The Judiciary Committee of the Senate having presented a report accusing the President of refusing to produce papers which it had a right to demand, the President has transmitted a message clearly explaining his position. It is a vigorous and characteristic document, which states to the country his view of his own action, as the report of the Senate had plainly stated its condemnation of his action. It is no more a lecture to the Senate upon its duties, as Senator EDMUNDS called it, than the Senator's report is a lecture to the President upon his duties. We do not agree with the President in his decision to withhold the reasons for removal, while we concur with him in his opinion that reasons cannot be required. The Senate, indeed, has expressly disclaimed the right to demand reasons, but insists upon that of requiring the papers. We have already expressed our agreement with this view. It may certainly demand to see papers on file in the public departments which relate to the public business intrusted to it, while it certainly cannot rightfully ask to see the private correspondence of the President. But neither can the President rightfully place his private correspondence in the keeping of a public department. The proper solution of this difficulty, as we have stated, is an announcement by the President that letters addressed to him concerning the discharge of his public duty in regard to appointments and removals, be-

ing essentially public in their nature, will be made public by him at his discretion. The publication of such letters, as he points out, would not necessarily show the reasons of his action, but they would show the reasons by which others tried to influence his action, and they would show also who they are who assume the responsibility of asking for appointments and removals. The benefits of such a course are obvious. Nobody would recommend others for appointment or ask their removal except for reasons which they would be willing to submit to public scrutiny.

In the part of the message which treats of the constitutional depositary of the power of removal the President follows MADISON, and rests his argument upon the grant of executive power. But WEBSTER successfully controverted MADISON'S position by showing that the grant of executive power was not absolute but specific, and that the authority of removal was not specified. Since, therefore, the authority is to be inferred, WEBSTER justly derives it from the appointing and not from the executive power. This, however, is a point of constitutional interpretation which can never be settled conclusively; nor is it germane to the pending contest, because the Senate does not question the exercise of the authority nor require the reasons of the exercise, but asks only to see the papers on file in the public departments. It is incontestable that in advising and consenting to the appointment of B in place of A, who is suspended, the Senate advises and consents to the removal of A, and it may certainly require to see all the documents on file regarding the matter, although those documents may not disclose all the information in possession of the Executive, nor the reasons which have influenced its action.

The President reminds the Senate, what we stated some time since, that the "pledges" which he is held to have made in regard to removals before the expiration of terms do not justify the charge that suspension implies personal or official misconduct in the usual sense. He said plainly that he held suspension for offensive partisanship to be justifiable. It is therefore a mere trick to say that removal by him implies personal disgrace. But while this is plain, and while offensive partisanship is a perfectly good reason for removal, why should the President hesitate to say that he has removed a particular person for that reason? And why should he not say it, although the Senate has no right to require him to say it? His object is to put the public service upon a business and not upon a party footing. To do this he must dismiss officers who debase the public service to party purposes. But upon proper occasion to announce such dismissals for such reasons is to prove his fidelity to his own purposes, while, as we have said, to publish the documents is to put an end to all written recommendations of which the authors are not willing to assume the public responsibility. The great reason for not concealing the reasons for the removal of a public officer is that no such officer should be removed for reasons which might not be made public. We greatly deprecate the controversy between the President and the Senate. The object of the Senate undoubtedly is to discredit the President by showing that his action has been sometimes inconsistent with his principles. But whatever its object, and although the President may maintain his prerogative by argument as skilful as that with which he holds it to be assailed, yet rather than to trust to popular support by standing silent upon his responsibility, it would be better to command it by plainly proving that it is deserved.

A NATIONAL DISGRACE.

THE official attitude of this country toward the Chinese is one of signal dishonor. We are bound by treaty to exert all our power to devise measures for the protection of the Chinese who may be outraged and wronged upon our territory, and we have engaged to secure them the same rights, privileges, immunities, and exemptions that are enjoyed here by the citizens or subjects of the most favored countries. But when the Chinese who are so unfortunate as to have come to the United States are murdered, robbed, driven from their homes and trades, and made the innocent victims of a ruthless terror, and the Chinese Minister, pointing to the treaties, protests and demands redress, the Secretary of State—Mr. EVARTS or Mr. BLAINE or Mr. BAYARD—politely informs him that there is no principle of national obligation and no treaty stipulation which guarantees redress, but omits to inform him what the guarantee of protection means.

The President in a special message justly characterizes the outrages to which the Chinese have been subjected, and denounces "the palpable and discreditable failure of the authorities of Wyoming Territory to bring to justice the guilty parties, or to assure the sufferers an impartial forum in which to seek and obtain compensation for the losses" which the Chinese have incurred. But he holds that the government is under no obligation, either by treaty or by the law of nations, to indemnify the victims. But he recommends an act of grace and generosity in the form of a gift, which, however, is not to be drawn into a precedent. But even if our duty be not defined in a treaty or in international law, it is found in the obligation of the United States to keep its own peace in territory subject to its exclusive authority. Should there be wholesale slaughter and robbery and enforced exile of all English settlers in a Territory, we venture to say that a remedy would be found without delay. Or if a certain class of Americans were outraged in the same way, the United States would protect them, even if it had to call for volunteers.

It is not a Chinese question: it is an American question. It is the primary question of every government, that of maintaining order and of enforcing respect for its authority. The treatment to which the Chinese upon the Pacific slope are exposed from ignoran and brutal mobs may be inferred from the fact that a Senator from Oregon proposes to prohibit the entrance of all Chinese into the country. When the present law of exclusion was passed the United States stigmatized the whole Chinese race, and undoubtedly stimulated the maltreatment of all who are now here. It is bound by every moral obligation of national honor not only to indemnify those who have suffered, but to take every reasonable step for their protection against those whose inhuman spirit and purpose are now fully disclosed.

A SOUND VIEW.

THE amusing absurdity that when the people decree at an election a party change of administration, they mean not only to change the political offices of the government, but all the scrub-women, stokers, messengers, and porters in the country, is well exposed by the fact that economy, efficiency, and common-sense constantly demand disregard of such folly.

Thus in the Legislature at Albany Judge BATCHELLER, who withstands the purpose of his party to obtain control of the appointment of the laborers upon the new Capitol, and who significantly reminds the bosses that it is not a favorable moment to crack party whips, proposes a commission to supervise the completion of the Capitol, which is not to employ or discharge any employé for political opinions or party relations. Judge BATCHELLER apparently holds that the construction of the Capitol is not a Republican or Democratic work, but a simple business undertaking with which politics have legitimately nothing whatever to do. He does not believe that when the people elected a Republican Legislature they elected also to dismiss every honest and efficient Democratic mason and hod-carrier at the Capitol.

That is a view which is not confined to Judge BATCHELLER; and even Mr. PLATT, of Poughkeepsie, who was an early and consistent enemy of civil service reform, after a recent diatribe against it of which he can hardly be proud, quietly voted for the reform measure which had kindled his wrath, because he knew that it was approved by the people.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

THE Boston *Journal* remarks that the signs multiply that the Mugwump spirit is hopelessly broken. On the contrary, there was never a time when political independence was so general, and when the support of party as party was so relaxed. The very fact that the wisdom, necessity, and duty of parties—which nobody denies—are yet so vehemently asserted, as in the HENDRICKS eulogies and elsewhere, although parties have notoriously lost their distinctive relation to great public questions, is an unmistakable sign of the consciousness of the decline of mere party allegiance.

There is no doubt that the character of the nominations of both parties in 1888 will show conclusively that the Mugwump spirit is stronger than ever. A nomination which should defy that spirit would be the weakest that could be made.

THE QUESTION OF IRELAND.

WHATEVER concessions Mr. GLADSTONE may make in the effort to settle the Irish question, he will not, we believe, impair the imperial supremacy. It is therefore not improbable that the Irish party will reject his propositions. In that case, in the event of the failure of the overtures of the sincerest friends of Ireland in England, the further probability would seem to be a union of English parties upon the subject. That the oppression of Ireland has been great is not denied, but that there is now such oppression as would justify revolution would hardly be conceded by any large number of Englishmen, however radical.

From the private letter of a very intelligent English observer we take the following extracts, that show the religious aspect of the agitation, which becomes constantly more evident, and also a profound distrust of the GLADSTONE government, for which, as yet at least, we see no adequate reason.

"The trouble has been not so much between England and Ireland as between the religious parties in Ireland itself, which would be at each other's throats again to-morrow if imperial arbitration were withdrawn. The short period of Irish independence ended in a hellish civil war, in which all government and order perished. PITT ought simply to have annexed, as CROMWELL had done under the same circumstances, instead of going through the dirty mockery of buying the consent of the Ascendency Parliament of Ireland.

"The history of Ireland has been disastrous; but it must be read as a part of the great struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism which raged all over Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The enactment of the penal laws was contemporary with the expulsion of the Huguenots. It was a savage act of political self-defence against enemies who had just tried for the second time to exterminate the Protestants. I believe I am right in saying that the most cruel parts of the Irish code had been allowed to fall into desuetude before the *autos-de-fe* ceased in Spain and Portugal.

"England herself acquired self-government by the Reform Bill in 1832. Before that she was governed by an oligarchy; and since that time British statesmen have been doing all they possibly could for Ireland, though they have had Irish character and Irish religion to contend with. GUIZOT once said, with deliberate emphasis, 'The conduct of England to Ireland for the last thirty years has been admirable.' He was not an Anglomaniac; and what he said would, I am convinced, be said by every impartial statesman in Europe."

"Things in England are going from bad to worse, and Heaven knows where it will end. The craven submission of the Government to the terrorist League in Ireland, as might have been expected, is loosening the bond of order everywhere. Nothing can be more doleful or indignant than the language of my Liberal friends."

PERSONAL.

ONE of the best known of American physicians, Dr. ALONZO CLARK, has just entered his eightieth year. Having been asked upon what part of his long professional career he looks with the most satisfaction, he replied: "Upon my treatment of the typhus-fever patients at Bellevue Hospital in 1847–8. Two hundred and fifty of them were in my charge in a wooden structure erected for the purpose on Second Avenue. Though it was winter, I took out the sashes, put the stoves near the open windows, covered the patients with blankets, and let the fresh air blow in. The result was so successful that the value of fresh air in such cases has been appreciated ever since. The principal characteristics of medical practice to-day as distinguished from that of thirty years ago are conservatism and hopefulness: we do not give calomel, nor do we bleed, and we have increased confidence in the healing powers of nature. In all the departments there have been great advances, except in that relating to diseases of the heart: we do not treat such diseases much more successfully than we used to, and the reason we don't is because we can't. Great strides have been made in dealing with consumption; I gave a consumptive patient a prescription a few minutes ago—to inhale the fumes of creosote. I shouldn't have given it ten years ago, because I shouldn't have thought of it, or of any germicide. New York is as desirable a place of residence for a physician as any city in Europe, although no physician has ever made $250,000 in a single year, as Sir ASTLEY COOPER did. Perhaps $30,000 or $40,000 is as much as any physician makes here. New York is healthful where it is built over; in the unoccupied districts there is malaria."

—Fifty years ago Mr. WILLIAM M. EVARTS and four classmates started the *Yale Literary Magazine*, which is now not only the oldest college periodical, but the oldest monthly of any sort in America. To the February number of this bright and enterprising magazine Mr. EVARTS has contributed a characteristic article, while among the other writers are DONALD G. MITCHELL, ANDREW D. WHITE, DANIEL C. GILMAN, and Professor T. R. LOUNSBURY, all of them former editors. Usually the contributors are undergraduates exclusively, and their style of writing is more direct, more discriminating, and less peppered with learned quotations than was that of their learned predecessors in the good old days.

—JOHN DECKER, the last chief of the old Volunteer Fire Department, has been reëlected president of the Volunteer Firemen's Association, which seeks to perpetuate the traditions of the days when fire-engines were run and worked by hand. No class of public servants, civic or military, of the last generation, has preserved its *esprit de corps* to the extent that the volunteer firemen have, and the head-quarters on Eighth Street, stored with souvenirs of their valorous service, is one of the most interesting museums in the city.

—Miss CLARA MORRIS has her own ideas as to the best method of establishing an American school of acting. She thinks that such a school is needed, and she suggests a plan by which $50,000 may be raised in a few weeks. After the annual dramatic season is over—say during the month of May—when the "stars" have nothing to think of but how to spend their money, let them organize a series of performances in one of the principal theatres, and give their services free. Let there be a grand dramatic festival, lasting three or four weeks, and affording to each class of "stars" an opportunity to display its special ideal. Actors and actresses, great and small, would thus be able to witness a large number and variety of performances, and learn from each whatever each had to teach. They could also show to theatrical managers what they could do, and put themselves in the way of making engagements for the next season. The proceeds of the entertainments could be handed over to a board of trustees, which should consist of experienced members of the profession, and an American school of acting be organized at once. Miss MORRIS has travelled about 19,000 miles since last August in the line of her profession.

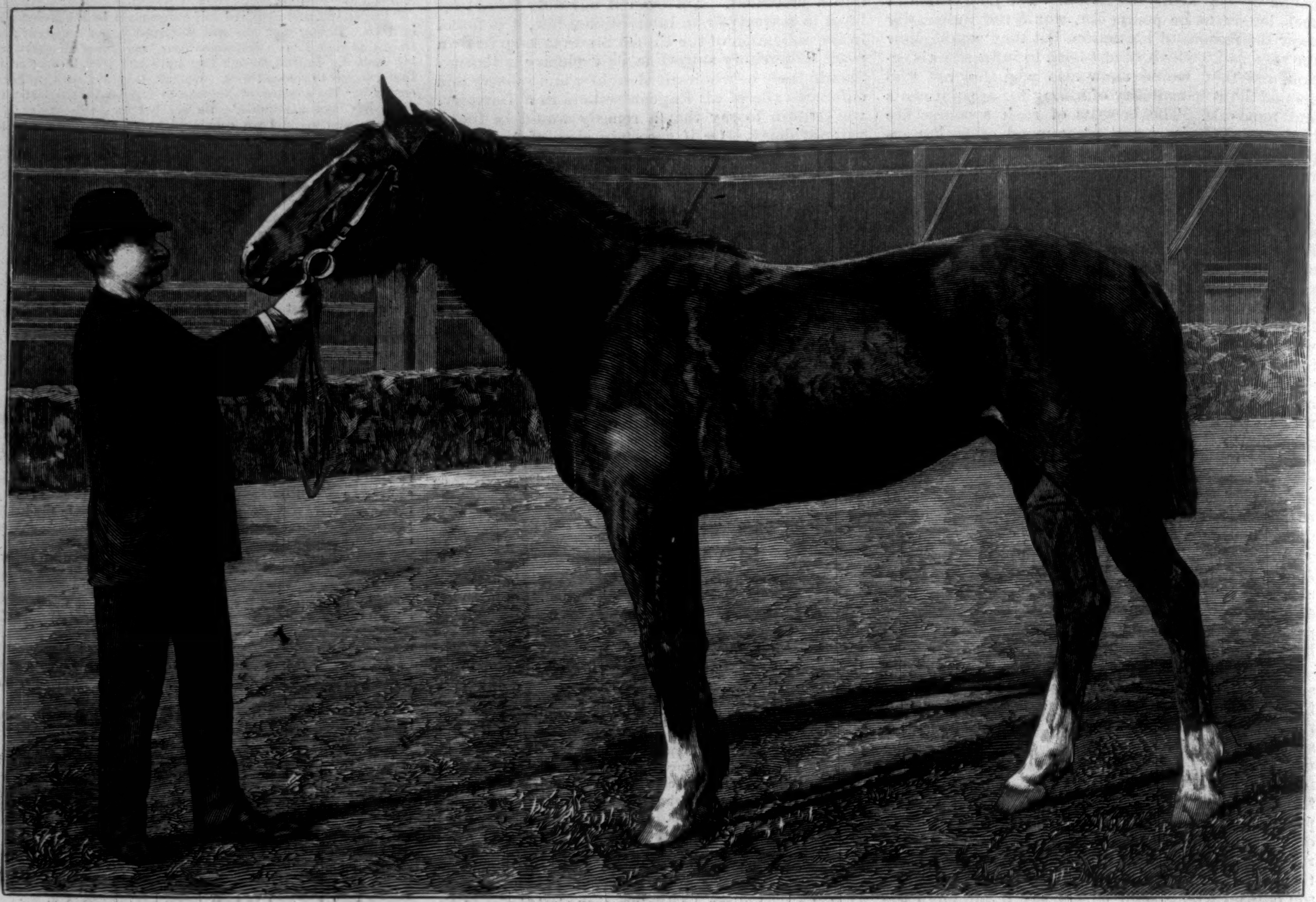
—The New York correspondents of the Southern, Western, and Northern newspapers are undoubtedly a most interesting body of men, and their friends are sorry that in many instances the price of their "manifold" letters has been reduced from five dollars to three dollars, and occasionally even to one dollar.

—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S admirable extemporaneous address at the opening of Bryn Mawr College for women will never be circulated. The trustees relied upon the reporters of the daily press, but there was no stenographer present, and only a digest of his views has been preserved. In fact, very few public addresses are now reported in full in the daily press.

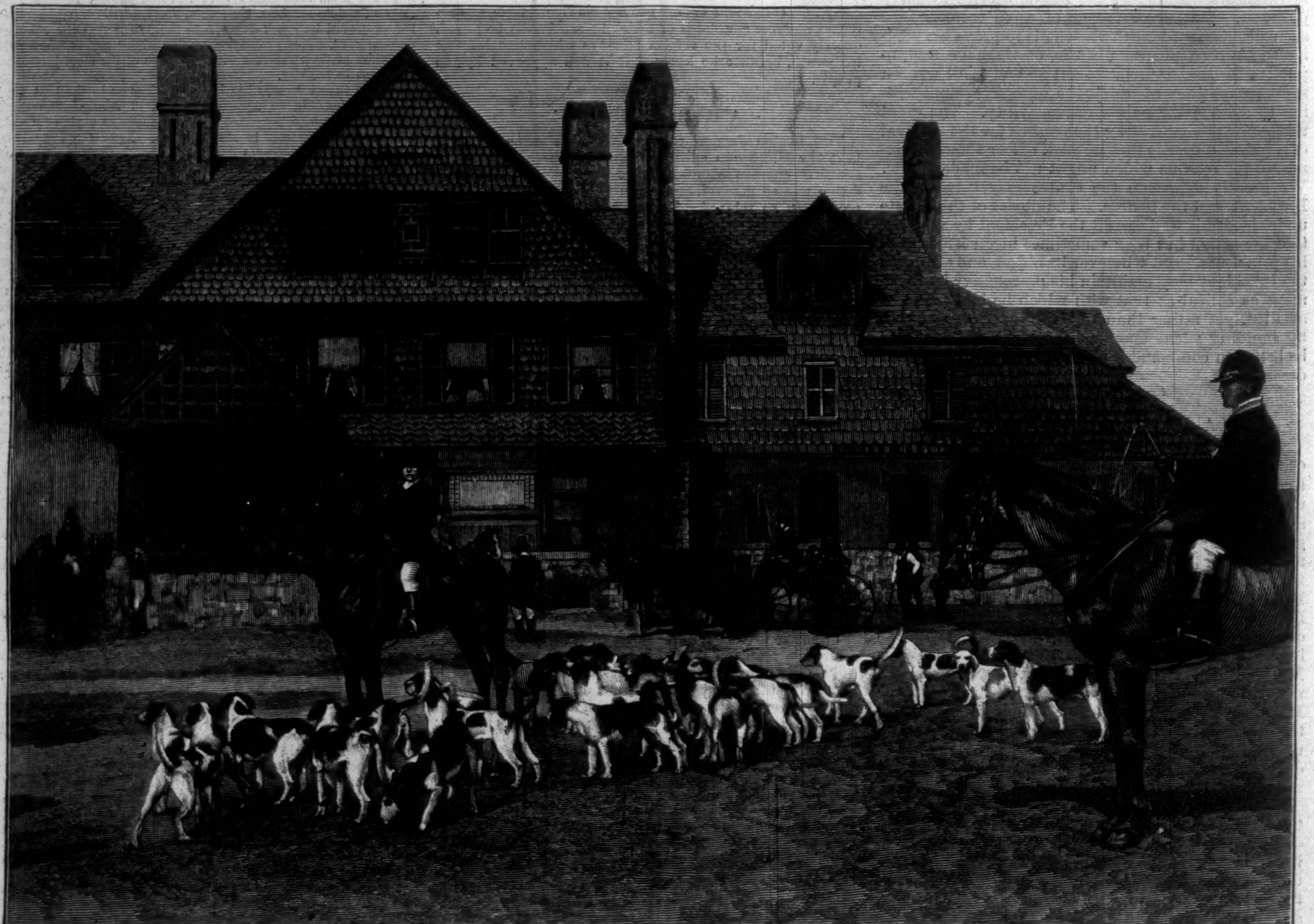
—Mr. ISAAC DISRAELI, who took some interest in the petty ignorances of men of letters, would possibly have been interested in the fact that one of Mr. GRANT ALLEN'S recent novels contains the following: "Olga, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Trennant." In this country it is usual to introduce gentlemen to ladies, and not ladies to gentlemen.

—Ex-President MARK HOPKINS is now in his eighty-fifth year, with mental and physical force apparently unabated; and whether sitting for his portrait in the studio of a painter, or lecturing before a popular audience on "love as a law," or entertaining the alumni of Williams College—as he did a few days ago at Philadelphia—with the excellent record of that seat of learning, he seems like a man in his prime.

—Among the brave and whole-souled women who in camp and hospital ministered to the sick and wounded soldiers of the civil war, none displayed a zeal more intelligent and persevering than the late wife of Senator JOSEPH R. HAWLEY. At Beaufort, at Fernandina, at St. Augustine, and at St. Helena Island, during the trying years of 1862 and 1863, she was better than an angel at the cots of the sufferers; and when the wounded were sent back to Washington after the battles of the Wilderness, hundreds of them received from her hands and lips, in the ward of which she was in charge in the Armory Square Hospital, the tender care of a mother. From the very beginning of the war she was in active service as a savior of the fever-stricken; and though of delicate constitution, she had the fortitude to assist at the most trying surgical operations. At Washington, in 1865, she was sunlight and life to many of the nine thousand destitute and dying prisoners from Andersonville.



THE $29,000 FILLY DEW-DROP.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BIDWELL, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 167.]



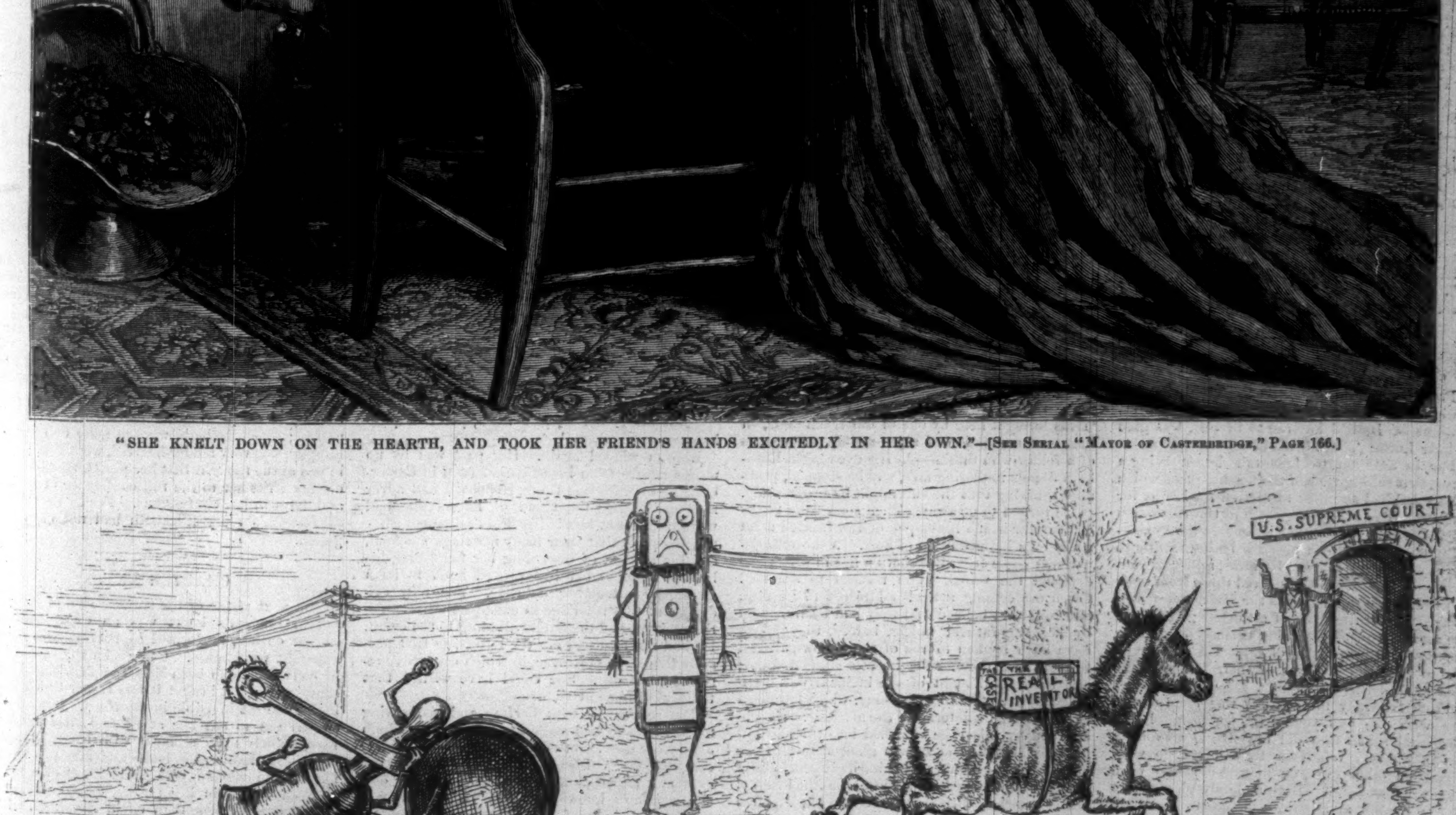
A MEET OF THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT CLUB AT THE HOUSE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BIDWELL, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

CHARLES H. JONES, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY, CINCINNATI.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

HARRISON PHŒBUS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY CUMMINS, BALTIMORE.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. [SEE PAGE 171.]

"SHE KNELT DOWN ON THE HEARTH, AND TOOK HER FRIEND'S HANDS EXCITEDLY IN HER OWN."—[SEE SERIAL "MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE," PAGE 166.]



THE TELEPHONE RIVALS WERE FIGHTING FOR A *SHADOW*, AND THE SUBSTANCE WAS LOST.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(*Continued.*)

"I have never wished such things before," said the Scotchman, with a simple, shamed, apologetic look for his weakness. "It is only since coming here, and seeing you."

"If that's the case you had better not look at me any longer. Dear me, I feel I have quite demoralized you!"

"But look or look not, I will see you in my thoughts. Well, I'll go: thank you for the pleasure of this visit."

"Thank you for staying. What will you do when you get out?"

"Something worse than I do here, no doubt," he replied, recklessly.

"For goodness' sake don't say that—it is as if I were ruining you by inches."

"I will not say it, but I may feel it. But no—maybe I'll get into my market-mind when I've been out a few minutes."

As he went she said, eagerly, "You may hear them speak of me in Casterbridge as time goes on. If they tell you I'm a coquette, which some may, because of the incidents of my life, don't believe it, for I am not."

"I swear I will not!" he said, fervidly.

Thus the two. She had enkindled the young man's enthusiasm till he was quite brimming with sentiment; while he, from merely affording her a new form of idleness, had gone on to wake her serious solicitude. Why was this? They could not have told.

Farfrae was shown out, it having entirely escaped him that he had called to see Elizabeth Jane. Lucetta at the window watched him threading the maze of farmers and farmers' men. She could see by his gait that he was conscious of her eyes, and her heart went out to him for his modesty—pleaded that he might be allowed to come again. He entered the market-house, and she could see him no more.

Three minutes later, when she had left the window, a knock, not of multitude but of strength, sounded through the house, and the waiting-maid tripped up.

"Mr. Henchard," she said.

Lucetta had reclined herself, and was looking dreamily through her fingers. She did not answer at once, and the maid repeated the information, with the addition, "And he's afraid he hasn't much time to spare, he says."

"Oh! Then tell him that as I have a headache I won't detain him to-day."

The message was taken down, and she heard the door close.

Lucetta had come to Casterbridge to quicken Henchard's feelings with regard to her. She had quickened them, and now she was indifferent to the achievement.

Her morning view of Elizabeth Jane as a disturbing element changed, and she no longer felt strongly the necessity of getting rid of the girl for her step-father's sake. When the young woman came in, sweetly unconscious of the turn in the tide, Lucetta went up to her, and said, quite sincerely:

"I'm so glad you've come. You'll live with me a long time, won't you?"

Elizabeth as a watch-dog to keep her father off—what a new idea! Yet it was not unpleasing. Henchard had neglected her all these days, after compromising her indescribably in the past by his unpardonable ignorance of his wife's existence. The least he could have done when he found himself free, and herself affluent, would have been to respond heartily and promptly to her invitation.

Her emotions rose, fell, undulated, filled her with wild surmise at their suddenness; and so passed Lucetta's experiences of that day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Poor Elizabeth Jane, little thinking what her malignant star had done to blast the budding attentions of Donald Farfrae to herself, was glad to hear Lucetta's words about remaining.

For in addition to Lucetta's house being a home, that raking view of the market-place which it afforded had as much attraction for her as for Lucetta. The *carrefour* was like the regulation Open Place in spectacular dramas, where everything goes on that can possibly be interesting to the adjoining residents. Farmers, millers, dairymen, quacks, hawkers, appeared there from week to week, and disappeared as the afternoon wasted away. It was the node of all orbits; and there the movers paused, throwing themselves, as they conversed, into the form of capital K's, X's, and Y's to ease the stiffness of their joints, in the old, old Casterbridge fashion.

From Saturday to Saturday was from day to day with the two young women now. In an emotional sense they did not live at all during the intervals. Wherever they might go wandering on other days, on market-day they were sure to be at home. Both stole sly glances out of the window at Farfrae's shoulders and poll. His face they seldom saw, for, either through shyness, or not to disturb his mercantile mood, he avoided looking toward their quarters.

Thus things went on, till a certain market morning brought a new sensation. Elizabeth Jane and Lucetta were sitting at breakfast when a parcel containing two dresses arrived for the latter from London. She called Elizabeth from her breakfast, and entering her friend's bedroom, Elizabeth saw the gowns spread out on the bed, one of a deep cherry-color, the other lighter—a glove lying at the end of each sleeve, a bonnet at the top of each neck, and parasols across the gloves, Lucetta standing beside the suggested human figures in an attitude of contemplation.

"I wouldn't think so hard about it," said Elizabeth, marking the intensity with which Lucetta was alternating the question whether this or that would suit best.

"But settling upon new clothes is so trying," said Lucetta. "You are that person" (pointing to one of the arrangements), "or you are *that* totally different person" (pointing to the other), "for the whole of the coming spring; and one of the two, you don't know which, may turn out to be very objectionable."

It was finally decided by Miss Templeman that she would be the cherry-colored person at all hazards. The dress was pronounced to be a fit, and Lucetta walked with it into the front room, Elizabeth following her.

The morning was exceptionally bright for the time of year. The sun fell so flat on the market-house and church and pavement opposite Lucetta's residence that they poured their brightness into her rooms. Suddenly, after a rumbling of wheels, there was added to this steady light a fantastic series of circling irradiations upon the ceiling, and the companions turned to the window. Immediately opposite, a vehicle of strange description had come to a standstill, as if it had been placed there for exhibition.

It was the new-fashioned agricultural implement called a horse-drill, till then unknown, in its modern shape, in this part of the country, where the venerable seed-lip was still used for sowing, as in the days of the Heptarchy. Its arrival created about as much sensation in the corn-market as a flying-machine would create at Charing Cross. The farmers crowded round it, women drew near it, children crept under and into it. The machine was painted in bright hues of green, yellow, and red, and it resembled as a whole a compound of hornet, grasshopper, and shrimp, magnified enormously. Or it might have been likened to an upright musical instrument with the front gone. This was how it struck Lucetta. "Why, it is a sort of agricultural piano," she said.

"It has something to do with corn," said Elizabeth.

"I wonder who thought of introducing it here?"

Donald Farfrae was in the minds of both as the innovator, for though not a farmer he was closely leagued with farming operations. And as if in response to their thoughts he came up at that moment, looked at the machine, and walked round it, and handled it as if he knew something about its make. The two watchers had inwardly started at his coming, and Elizabeth Jane left the window, went to the back of the room, and stood as if absorbed in the panelling of the wall. She hardly knew that she had done this till Lucetta, animated by the conjunction of her new attire with the sight of Farfrae, spoke out: "Let us go and look at the instrument, whatever it is."

Elizabeth Jane's bonnet and shawl were pitchforked on in a moment, and they went out. Among all the agriculturists gathering round, the only appropriate possessor of the new machine seemed to be Lucetta, because she alone rivalled it in color.

They examined it curiously, observing the rows of trumpet-shaped tubes one within the other, the little scoops, like revolving salt-spoons, which tossed the seed into the upper ends of the tubes that conducted it to the ground; till somebody said, "Good-morning, 'Liz'beth Jane." She looked up, and there was her step-father.

His greeting had been somewhat dry and thunderous, and Elizabeth Jane, embarrassed out of her equanimity, stammered at random, "This is the lady I live with, father—Miss Templeman."

Henchard put his hand to his hat, which he brought down with a great wave till it met his body at the knee. Miss Templeman bowed. "I am happy to become acquainted with you, Mr. Henchard," she said. "This is a curious machine."

"Yes," Henchard replied; and he proceeded to explain it, and still more forcibly to ridicule it.

"Who brought it here?" said Lucetta.

"Oh, don't ask me, ma'am!" said Henchard. "The thing—why, 'tis impossible it should act. 'Twas brought here by one of our machinists, on the recommendation of a jumped-up jackanapes of a fellow who thinks—" His eye caught Elizabeth Jane's imploring face, and he stopped, probably thinking that the suit might be progressing.

He turned to go away. Then something seemed to occur which his step-daughter fancied must really be a hallucination of hers. A murmur apparently came from Henchard's lips in which she detected the words, "You refused to see me! Catch me coming again!" addressed to Lucetta. She could not believe that they had been uttered by her step-father; unless, indeed, they might have been spoken to one of the yellow-gaitered farmers near them. Yet Lucetta seemed silent; and then all thought of the incident was dissipated by the humming of a song, which appeared to come from the interior of the machine. Henchard had by this time vanished into the market-house, and both the women glanced toward the corn-drill. They could see behind it the bent back of a man who was pushing his head into the internal works to master their simple secrets. The hummed song went on:

"'Tw—s on a s—m—r aftern—n,
A wee bef—re the s—n w—nt d—n,
When Kitty wi' a braw n—w g—wn
C—me ow're the h—lls to Gowrie."

Elizabeth Jane had apprehended the singer in a moment, and looked guilty of she did not know what. Lucetta next recognized him, and more mistress of herself, said, archly, "The 'Lass of Gowrie' from the inside of a seed-drill—what a phenomenon!"

Satisfied at last with his investigation, the young man stood upright, and met their eyes across the summit.

"We are looking at the wonderful new drill," Miss Templeman said. "But practically it is a stupid thing—is it not?" she added, on the strength of Henchard's information.

"Stupid? Oh no!" said Farfrae, gravely. "It will revolutionize sowing hereabout. No more sowers flinging about their seed broadcast, so that some falls by the way-side, and some among thorns, and all that. Each grain will go straight to its intended place, and nowhere else at all!"

"Then the romance of the sower is gone forever," observed Elizabeth Jane, who felt herself at one with Farfrae in Bible reading at least. "'He that observeth the wind shall not sow,' so the Preacher said; but his words will not be to the point any more. How things change!"

"Yes, yes; it must be so!" Donald admitted, his gaze fixing itself on a painfully small point far away. "But the machines are already very common in the east and north of England," he added, apologetically.

Lucetta seemed to be rather outside this train of sentiment, her acquaintance with the Scriptures being somewhat limited. "Is the machine yours?" she asked of Farfrae.

"Oh no, madam," said he, becoming embarrassed and deferential at the sound of her voice, though with Elizabeth Jane he was quite at his ease. "No, no—I merely recommended that it should be got."

In the silence which followed, Farfrae appeared only conscious of her—to have passed from perception of Elizabeth into a brighter sphere of existence than she appertained to. Lucetta, discerning that he was much mixed that day—partly in his mercantile mood and partly in his romantic one—said gayly to him, "Well, don't forsake the machine for us," and went in-doors with her companion.

The latter felt that she had been in the way, though why was unaccountable to her. Lucetta explained the matter somewhat by saying, when they were again in the sitting-room, "I had occasion to speak to Mr. Farfrae, the other day, and so I knew him this morning."

Lucetta was very kind toward Elizabeth that day. Together they saw the market thicken, and in course of time thin away with the slow decline of the sun toward the upper end of the town, its rays taking the street endways and enfilading the long thoroughfare from top to bottom. The gigs and vans disappeared one by one till there was not a vehicle in the street. The time of the riding world was over; the pedestrian world held sway. Field-laborers and their wives and children trooped in from the villages for their weekly shopping, and instead of a rattle of wheels and a tramp of horses ruling the sound as earlier, there was nothing but the shuffle of many feet. All the implements were gone; all the farmers; all the moneyed class. The character of the town's trading had changed from bulk to multiplicity, and pence were handled now as pounds had been handled earlier in the day.

Lucetta and Elizabeth looked out upon this, for though it was night, and the street lamps were lighted, they had kept their shutters unclosed. In the faint blink of the fire they spoke more freely.

"Your father was distant with you?" said Lucetta.

"Yes." And having forgotten the momentary mystery of Henchard's seeming speech to Lucetta, she continued: "It is because he does not think I am respectable. I have tried to be so more than you can imagine, but in vain. My mother's separation from my father was unfortunate for me. You don't know what it is to have shadows like that upon your life."

Lucetta seemed to wince. "I do not—of that kind precisely," she said; "but you may feel a—sense of disgrace—shame—in other ways."

"Have you ever had any such feeling?" said the younger, innocently.

"Oh no," said Lucetta, quickly. "I was thinking of—what happens sometimes when women get themselves in strange positions in the eyes of the world from no fault of their own."

"It must make them very unhappy afterward."

"It makes them anxious; for might not other women despise them?"

"Not altogether despise them, yet not quite like or respect them."

Lucetta winced again. Her past was by no means secure from investigation even in Casterbridge, since, for one thing, Henchard had never returned to her the cloud of letters she had written and sent him in her first excitement after the discovery that their hasty marriage was void, and his method of rewarding her for saving his life by wedding her had proved itself to be a generosity altogether delusive. The only evidences of that marriage in existence were two—the register, and the letters alluding to the event. He had not returned her the letters, so that possibly they were destroyed, in which case there remained but one. She could have wished that there were none at all.

The rencounter with Farfrae and his bearing toward Lucetta had made the reflective Elizabeth Jane more observant of her brilliant and amiable companion. A few days afterward, when her eyes met Lucetta's as the latter was going out, she somehow knew that Miss Templeman was nourishing a hope of seeing the attractive Scotchman. The fact was printed large all over Lucetta's cheeks and eyes to any one who read her as Elizabeth Jane was beginning to do. Lucetta passed on and closed the street door.

A seer's impulse took command of Elizabeth, impelling her to sit down by the fire and divine events so surely from data already her own that they could be held as witnessed. She followed Lucetta thus mentally; saw her encounter Donald somewhere as if by chance; saw him wear his special look when meeting women, with an added intensity because this one was Lucetta. She depicted his impassioned manner; beheld the indecision of both between their loathness to separate and their desire not to be observed; depicted their shaking of hands; how they probably parted with frigidity in their general contour and movement, only in the smaller features showing the spark of passion, thus invisible to all but themselves. This discerning, silent witch had not done thinking of these things when Lucetta came noiselessly behind her, and made her start.

It was all true as she had pictured—she could have sworn it. Lucetta had a heightened brightness in her eye over and above the advanced color of her cheeks.

"You've seen Mr. Farfrae," said Elizabeth, demurely.

"Yes," said Lucetta. "How did you know?"

She knelt down on the hearth, and took her friend's hands excitedly in her own. But, after all, she did not say when or how she had seen him, or what he had said.

That night she became restless; in the morning she was feverish; and at breakfast-time she told her companion that she had something on her mind—something which concerned a person in whom she was interested much. Elizabeth was earnest to listen and sympathize.

"This person—a lady—once admired a man much—very much," she said, tentatively.

"Ah!" said Elizabeth Jane.

"He did not think so deeply of her as she did of him. But in an impulsive moment, purely out of gratitude, he proposed to make her his wife. She agreed. But there was an unexpected hitch in the proceedings; as a result she was so far compromised with him that she felt she could never belong to another man, as a pure matter of conscience, even if she should wish to. After that they were much apart, heard nothing of each other for a long time, and she felt her life quite closed up for her."

"Ah, poor girl!"

"She suffered much on account of him; though I should add that he could not altogether be blamed for what had happened. At last the obstacle which separated them was providentially removed; and he came to marry her."

"How delightful!"

"But in the interval she—my poor friend—had seen a man she liked better than him. Now comes the point: Could she in honor dismiss the first?"

"A man she liked better—that's bad!"

"Yes," said Lucetta, looking pained at a boy who was swinging the town-pump handle. "It is bad! Though you must remember that she was forced into an equivocal position with the first man by an accident; that he was not so well educated or refined as the second, and that she had discovered some qualities in the first that rendered him less desirable as a husband than she had at first thought him to be."

"I cannot answer," said Elizabeth Jane, thoughtfully. "It is so difficult. It wants a Pope to settle that."

"You prefer not to, perhaps?" Lucetta showed in her appealing tone how much she leaned on Elizabeth's judgment.

"Yes," admitted Elizabeth; "I would rather not say."

Nevertheless, Lucetta seemed relieved by the simple fact of having opened out the situation a little, and was slowly convalescent of her headache. "Bring me a looking-glass. How do I appear to people?" she said, languidly.

"Well, a little worn," answered Elizabeth, eying her as a critic eyes a doubtful painting. Fetching the glass, she enabled Lucetta to survey herself in it, which Lucetta anxiously did.

"I wonder if I wear well, as times go?" she observed, after a while. "How many years more do you think I shall last before I get hopelessly plain?"

There was something curious in the way in which Elizabeth, though the younger, had come to play the part of experienced sage in these discussions. "It may be five years," she said, judicially. "Or, with a quiet life, as many as ten. With no love, you might calculate on ten."

Lucetta seemed to reflect on this as on an unalterable, impartial verdict. She told Elizabeth Jane no more of the past attachment she had roughly adumbrated as the experiences of a third person; and Elizabeth, who, in spite of her philosophy, was very tender-hearted, wept that night in bed at the thought that her pretty, rich Lucetta did not treat her to the full confidence of names and dates in her confessions. For by the "she" of Lucetta's story Elizabeth had not been beguiled.

CHAPTER XXV.

The next phase of the supersession of Henchard in Lucetta's heart was an experiment in calling on her, performed by Farfrae with some apparent trepidation. Conventionally speaking, he conversed with both Miss Templeman and her companion; but in fact it was rather that Elizabeth Jane sat invisible in the room. Donald appeared not to see her at all, and answered her wise, homely little remarks with curtly indifferent monosyllables, his looks and faculties hanging on the woman who could boast of a more Protean variety in her phases, moods, opinions, and also principles, than could Elizabeth. Lucetta had persisted in dragging her into the circle; but she had remained like an awkward third point which that circle would not touch.

Susan Henchard's daughter bore up against the frosty ache of this treatment, as she had borne up under worse things, and contrived as soon as possible to get out of the inharmonious room without being missed. The Scotchman seemed hardly the same Farfrae who had danced with her, and walked with her, in a delicate acrobatic

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balance between love and friendship—that period in the history of a love when alone it can be said to be unalloyed with pain.

She stoically looked from her bedroom window, and contemplated her fate as if it were written on the top of the church tower hard by. "Yes," she said at last, bringing down her palm upon the sill with a pat: "*He* is the second man of that story she told me!"

All this time Henchard's smouldering sentiments toward Lucetta had been fanned into higher and higher inflammation by the circumstances of the case. He was discovering that the young woman, for whom he once felt a pitying warmth of gratitude, which had been almost chilled out of him by reflection, was, when now qualified with a slight inaccessibility and a more matured beauty, the very being to make him satisfied with life. Day after day proved to him, by her silence, that it was no use to think of bringing her round by holding aloof; so he gave in, and called upon her again, Elizabeth Jane being absent.

He crossed the room to her with a heavy tread of some awkwardness, his strong, warm gaze upon her—like the sun beside the moon in comparison with Farfrae's modest look—and with something of a hail-fellow bearing, as, indeed, was not unnatural. But she seemed so transubstantiated by her change of position, and held out her hand to him in such cool friendship, that he became deferential, and sat down with a perceptible loss of power. He understood but little of fashion in dress, yet enough to feel himself inadequate in appearance beside her, whom he had hitherto been dreaming of as almost his property. She said something very polite about his being good enough to call. This caused him to recover balance. He looked her oddly in the face, losing his awe.

"Why, d—n it all, of course I have called, Lucetta," he said. "What does that nonsense mean? You know I couldn't have helped myself if I had wished—that is, if I had any conscience at all. I've called to say that I am ready, as soon as custom will permit, to be publicly married to you; to say that you can fix the day or month, with my full consent, whenever in your opinion it would be seemly: you know more of these things than I."

"It is full early yet," she said, evasively.

"Yes, yes; I suppose it is. But you know, Lucetta, I felt, directly my poor ill-used Susan died, and when I could not bear the idea of marrying again, that after what had happened between us it was my duty not to let any unnecessary delay occur before putting things to rights. Still, I wouldn't call in a hurry, because—well, you can guess how this money you've come into made me feel." His voice slowly fell; he was conscious that in this room his accents and manner wore a roughness not observable in the street. He looked about the room, at the novel hangings and ingenious furniture with which she had surrounded herself.

"Upon my life I didn't know such furniture as this could be bought in Casterbridge," he said.

"Nor can it be," said she. "Nor will it till fifty years more of civilization have passed over the town. It took a wagon and four horses to get it here."

"H'm! The fact is, your setting up like this makes my bearings toward ye rather awkward."

"Why?"

An answer was not really needed, and he did not furnish one. "Well," he went on; "there's nobody in the world I would have wished to see enter into this wealth before you, Lucetta; and nobody, I am sure, who will become it more." He turned to her with congratulatory admiration so fervid that she shrank somewhat, notwithstanding that she knew him so well.

"I am greatly obliged to you for all that," said she, rather with an air of speaking ritual. The stint of reciprocal feeling was perceived, and Henchard showed chagrin at once—nobody was more quick to show that than he.

"You may be obliged or not for 't. Though the things I say may not have the polish of what you've lately learned to expect for the first time in your life, they are real, my lady Lucetta."

"That's rather rude."

"Dammy, no 'tisn't!" said Henchard, hotly. "But there, there, I don't want to quarrel with ye. Good Lord, for a man and wife to talk to one another like this!"

"We are not man and wife," she answered, firing quickly.

"If going to the registry don't make us so, I should like to know what it does make us."

Lucetta burst in passionately: "How can you speak so! Knowing that it proved to be void by her coming back, and that it was entirely on your side that the blame lay which put me in so awkward a position, you ought to allow me to look at it as I choose! I suffered enough at that lonely, terrifying time after I was sent back from joining you—not knowing what was to happen to me. And if I am a little independent now, surely the privilege is due me?"

"Yes, it is. It was a bad job for you," he said, repentantly. "But perhaps you'll have the justice to own that I was as innocent as you."

"Yes, I believe you were," she said, more calmly.

"Then let us be quick and legalize your state by going through the service again as soon as we can; and so, in spite of the mishap the first time, we shall wind up well at last.... It is very odd," he murmured, "that I, so little of a woman's man as I be, should find it necessary to marry two women twice over.... Well, what do you say?"

For the first time in their acquaintance Lucetta had the move; and yet she was backward. "For the present let things be," she said, with some embarrassment. "Treat me as an acquaintance, and I'll treat you as one. Time will—" she stopped; and he said nothing to fill the gap for a while, there being no pressure of half-acquaintance to drive them into speech if they were not minded for it.

"That's the way the wind blows, is it?" he said at last, grimly, nodding an affirmative to his own thoughts.

A yellow flood of reflected sunlight filled the room for a few instants. It was produced by the passing of a load of newly trussed hay from the country in a new wagon marked with Farfrae's name. Beside it rode Farfrae himself. Lucetta's face became—as a woman's face becomes when the man she loves rises upon her gaze like an apparition.

A turn of the eye by Henchard, a glance from the window, and the secret of her inaccessibility would have been revealed. But Henchard, in estimating her tone, was looking down so plumb-straight that he did not note the warm consciousness upon Lucetta's face.

"I shouldn't have thought it—I shouldn't have thought it of woman!" he said emphatically by-and-by, rising and shaking himself into activity, while Lucetta was so anxious to divert him from any suspicion of the truth that she asked him to be in no hurry. Bringing him some apples, she insisted upon paring one for him.

He would not take it. "No, no; such is not for me," he said, dryly, and moved to the door. At going out he turned his eye upon her; there was an intent look in it.

He had hardly gone down the staircase when she dropped upon the sofa, and jumped up again in a fit of desperation. "I will love him!" she cried, passionately; "as for *him*, he's hot-tempered and stern, and it would be madness to bind myself to him, knowing that. I won't be a slave to the past; I'll love where I choose!"

Elizabeth Jane, surveying the position of Lucetta between her two lovers from the crystalline sphere of a straightforward mind, did not fail to perceive that her father, as she called him, and Donald Farfrae became more desperately enamored of her friend every day. On Farfrae's side it was the unforced passion of youth; on Henchard's, the artificially stimulated coveting of maturer age.

The pain she experienced from the almost absolute obliviousness to her existence that was shown by the pair of them became at times half dissipated by her sense of its humorousness. When Lucetta had pricked her finger they were as deeply concerned as if she were dying; when she herself had been seriously sick or in danger they uttered a conventional word of sympathy at the news, and forgot all about it immediately. But as regarded Henchard, this perception of hers also caused her some filial grief; she could not help asking what she had done to be neglected so, after the professions of solicitude he had made. As regarded Farfrae, she thought, after honest reflection, that it was quite natural. What was she beside Lucetta?—as one of the "meaner beauties of the night" when the moon had risen in the skies.

She had learned the lesson of renunciation, and was as familiar with the wreck of each day's wishes as with the diurnal setting of the sun. If her earthly career had taught her few book philosophies, it had at least well practised her in this. Yet her experience had consisted less in a series of pure disappointments than in a series of substitutions. Continually it had happened that what she had desired had not been granted her, and that what had been granted her she had not desired. So she viewed with an approach to equanimity the now cancelled days when Donald had been her undeclared lover, and wondered what unwished-for thing Heaven might send her in place of him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEW-DROP.

The Dwyer brothers, of Brooklyn, paid $29,000 for the three-year-old filly Dew-Drop, recently sold at the break-up of the racing stable owned by Mr. Pierre Lorillard. It is the largest sum that the Dwyers have paid for any one horse. Hindoo cost them but $15,000, while for Miss Woodford they gave in exchange Hindoo, after his break-down when four years old, together with the three-year-old filly Francesca (a full sister of Iroquois, winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1881), and the two-year-old filly Red and Blue (a half-sister to Iroquois), all three being out of the same dam, Maggie B. B., by imported Australian. The amount paid for Dew-Drop may seem extravagant, considering that she may break down in the work necessary to fit her for the engagements she has at Sheepshead Bay, Monmouth Park, and elsewhere. But the Dwyers had to buy her or beat her with the horses they already owned, entered for the same races, and as they had Congressman W. L. Scott, of Erie, Pennsylvania, for a competitor, it became a question which would stay the longer in front of the auctioneer.

Dew-Drop is a bay filly of excellent breeding, and was foaled at Rancocas March 23, 1883. In the farm record she is described as having a "blaze face, near fore and both hind legs white." She is by Falsetto out of the bay-brown mare Explosion that ran with some success in 1876 and 1877. Explosion is by imported Hampton Court out of Naphtha, she by imported Eclipse out of Echo, by Lexington out of Maria Innes, she by imported Yorkshire. Hampton Court was by Young Melbourne out of Durindana by Orlando. Dew-Drop's sire, Falsetto, was a good horse, and in 1879 won a number of rich stakes; he is by Enquirer (a son of imported Leamington out of Lida by Lexington, her dam Lize by American Eclipse) out of Farfaletta by imported Australian, she out of Elkhorna by Lexington, her dam Glencona by imported Glencoe. This is breeding on the side of both the sire and the dam that cannot be excelled in England or America, combining as it does the best of both countries, and after Dew-Drop's racing career is over will make her worth a large sum as a brood-mare. Dew-Drop ran in all ten races last year, leading off by winning a five-furlong sweepstakes at Sheepshead Bay in June. She was in turn unplaced for the Surf and Seabright stakes, second to Charity for the Flatbush, won the Great Eastern Handicap at three-quarters of a mile from a field of twenty-one runners, carrying 110 pounds, in 1.16¾, was unplaced with 117 pounds to Walter H. for the Adieu stakes, at the same distance, after which she in turn won the Nursery and Champagne stakes, both at three-quarters of a mile, at Jerome Park, the former with 112 pounds in 1.18¾, and the latter with 122 pounds in the same time. At Baltimore Dew-Drop in turn took the Central and Ecliptic stakes, both at a mile, running the latter in 1.44½. After this she was taken back to Rancocas, where she not only wintered well, but filled out in a way that promised that she would be fully able to sustain the stable's reputation this coming summer. Mr. Pierre Lorillard's brief but serious illness about the middle of January brought a warning from his physician that he must give up some of his exciting interests, and as the Tuxedo Park estate is in a condition to require his personal attention, he had somewhat reluctantly to give the order which brought the racing stable into the sales ring, where the twenty-seven head catalogued realized a total of $149,050—an average of $5520, and the largest sale of racing stock that has ever taken place in the United States.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A naturalist in the West has concluded either that owls are without memory or that they do not mind going about with owl traps fastened to their legs. He set a trap to catch an owl, and it mysteriously disappeared. He set a heavier trap, and caught in it an owl which had the first trap attached to one of its legs. The phrase "stupid as an owl" seems a fitting reflection upon a bird which would set about making a collection of owl traps in such a manner as this.

The intelligence comes from Illinois that a citizen of that State swallowed a tablespoonful of laudanum on a wager of ten dollars. Friends who witnessed the act urged him to hurry to a doctor, but he insisted on going home. They procured a doctor and followed, and found him vigorously sawing. He sturdily refused to submit to the stomach-pump, and sawed away for three hours, sweating profusely. Then he went into the house, lay down and slept naturally for four hours, woke up in perfect health, and went about his business as usual. Anybody who disbelieves this story, as the Brothers Grimm said, must pay a half-crown.

A Canadian who wished to learn how he should go to work and what it would cost to take out a license to sell washing-machines in the United States, and who had no personal acquaintance on this side of the border, wrote to President Cleveland, asking him if he would not be kind enough to furnish the information desired. In a time of strained relations between this country and the Dominion, growing out of the fisheries question, there is a sociable and neighborly ring about this Canadian request which is altogether reassuring.

An advertisement calls attention to a compound by which "ball dresses may be rendered safe from fire by accident." Of course that is good as far as it goes, but no preparation of this sort can hope to be wholly successful which does not also guarantee the security of ball dresses from fire by intention.

A naturalist who has bestowed attention upon the sea and its inhabitants says that he has observed whole shoals of herring, "in their anxiety to escape when pursued by whales, piled up above the surface of the sea to a height of from three to six feet. On one occasion the fish formed a mass even with the top of the mast of a fishing-boat, viz., about fifteen feet, and had part of this mass fallen into the boat it would doubtless have sunk." There is on record another curious description intended to convey an idea of size, namely, that of "a pumpkin so big that eight men could stand around it."

A late paragraph of information says, "There are almost as many foxes in some places in New England now as there were fifty years ago." Indeed there are quite as many.

Two policemen of Astoria were aroused at two o'clock the other morning by the apparition of a running man. They at once knew it was a burglar. They called upon him to stop; but this he did not do, his reason being, as was drawn from him afterward, that he did not hear them. Then one of the policemen drew a revolver of heavy calibre, and sent a bullet after him, and that brought him. It was then learned that he was a burglar only in theory, and that in point of fact he was a zealous house-servant running for a doctor to attend his employer's wife, who had been taken alarmingly ill in the night.

Somebody says he has discovered that the hand of a penman who writes thirty-five words in a minute travels over sixteen feet of space in that time, providing he dots all his *i's* and crosses all his *t's*. It is hard to see how there can be any inflexible rule in such a matter. The hand of John Hancock in writing twoscore of words must have travelled several thousand times further than the hand of the man who engraved the Declaration of Independence on the smoothed side of a fifty-cent piece.

Eighty cents were found in the stomach of a fish recently caught in Idaho. They were in the form of a silver dollar.

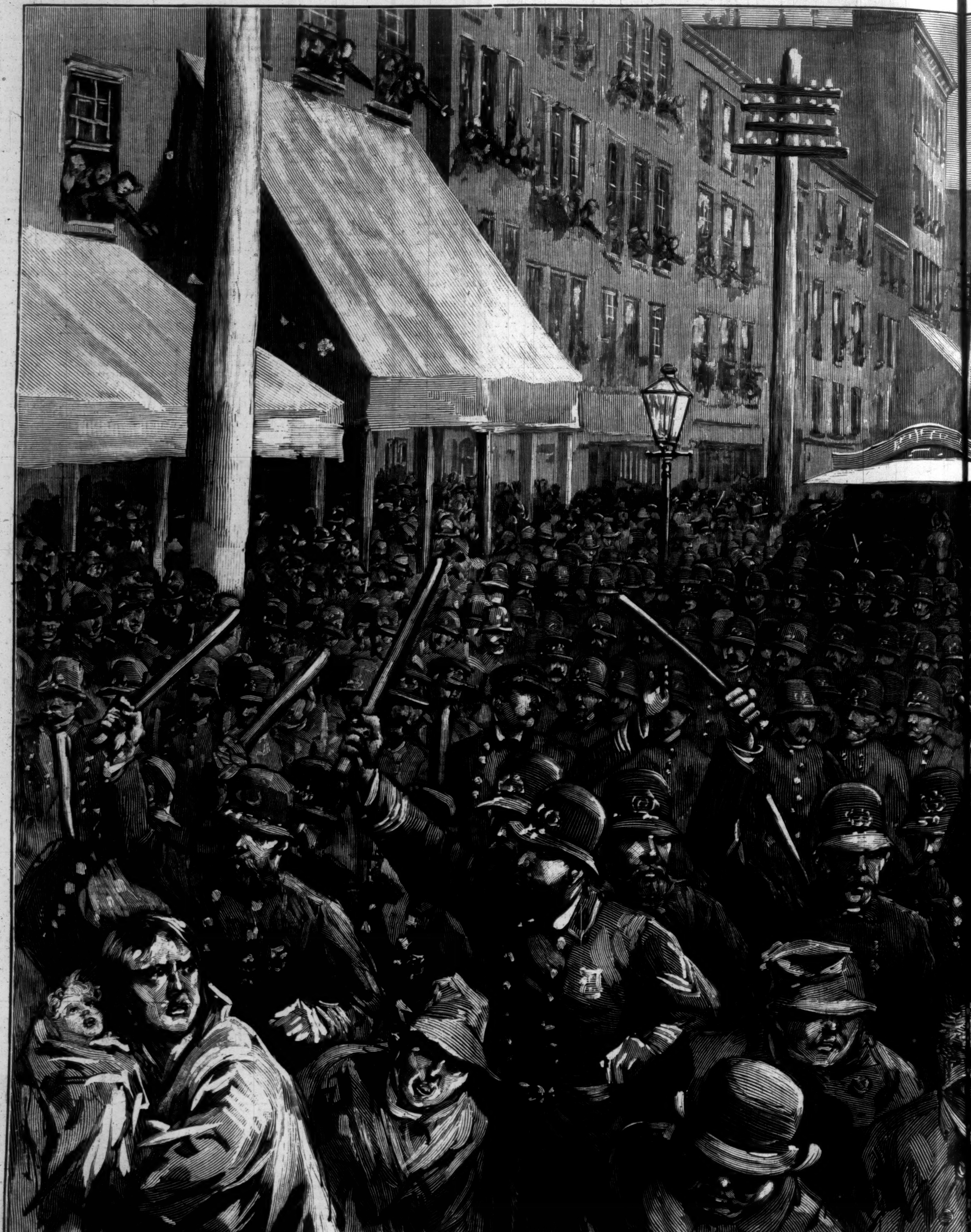
The usual methods of capturing alligators seem frivolous in the light of the method of a Florida hunter. "His method," says a report, "is to jump into a stream in pursuit of an alligator, and, if necessary, to dive under water for his victim, which he manages to subdue by getting his fingers in the creature's eyes, and then riding him ashore in triumph." Only a little while ago there was an account in the newspapers of two men who were chased for a considerable distance by a baby alligator only six feet long, and one of the fugitives was finally overtaken and very painfully snapped and trodden upon by the infant saurian. If these men had only known enough, they might easily have subdued this little fellow by getting their fingers in his eyes and riding him off to any place they pleased. But they didn't know enough, and they were chased and humiliatingly snapped for their ignorance. If it had been a full-grown alligator, they might have been killed.

A MATTER OF APPEARANCE.

Mrs. Bluster (*who has been denied a seal-skin sacque, and compels Mr. Bluster to go without his overcoat when accompanying her on the street, that her attire may appear more seasonable by contrast*). "Bluster, 'tain't cold, so take your hands out of your pockets, and quit your shiverin'. Do you want to disgrace me in the eyes of the public?"

THE BLIZZARDS THAT BOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA.

Let us be thankful that our country is large enough to cling to.



THE STREET RAILROAD STRIKE IN NEW YORK—THE POLICE OPENING TH

E WAY FOR A HORSE-CAR.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 172.]

NOT CUT TO HIS CLOTH.

He said he was forty-two, and I don't think he told stories about his age. He was above the middle height, with good broad shoulders. He had a long red beard. *Red* I called it; *he* said it was brandy-color. But, "brandy" or "sandy," it was handsome of its kind. And he had deep-set gray eyes that winked and twinkled in what was sometimes a very aggravating manner, and made one feel as if he were laughing at one. His name was Brymer—the Reverend Cecil Brymer—and he was the only amusing person in St. Guythian, of which abominable, out-of-date, scandalous Cornish town he was the vicar.

I had never been in such a place before. You see, we had always lived at Brighton, going away in the summer to Dieppe, or Penmaen-Mawr, or somewhere like that. Well, Nelly and Tom Carew would not wait like reasonable beings until he could buy a good practice in a decent place, but must get married at once. He was only twenty-four, and who in their senses would employ a doctor of twenty-four, be he never so splendidly clever? At least that is what the Mater says; for my part I would rather trust a man of twenty-four than one of sixty-four, as more likely to be up in the modern improvements, but that doesn't seem to be the general opinion. When Tom heard of this practice at St. Guythian, he concluded that people in such an out-of-the-world place would be thankful to get hold of a qualified *baby* even, so he bought it, and took Nelly down there.

He was a West Country man himself, coming from Exeter, so Cornwall did not occur to him as very dreadful. But poor Nelly! At first her letters were full of the natural beauties of the place—the lovely bay, with its sapphire waters, the serpentine rocks, and the cliffs covered with samphire and sea-pinks and a lot of flowers we know nothing about in the home counties. There were hedges of camellias and fuchsias, she wrote, and geraniums that rioted round the attic windows, and "mesembrianthemums all over the back-yard wall." It was the name of these latter that fetched her, I suppose, for when I saw what hairy, spidery yellow things they were, I did not at all long to transplant them to Regency Square.

Well, Nelly soon tired of the natural beauties, and began to pine for artificial ones, and by-and-by she wrote a piteous appeal for one of us to go and stay with her. Kate was just engaged to Frank D'Arcy, so it was out of the question for her to go, the Mater said. No one considered my feelings, or thought it possible that I might object to leaving Brighton: a victim had to be offered, and I was the one fixed on.

Perhaps I should have hated it more if it had not been that I was just a little anxious to get away. It never does a girl any good to have her name coupled with any one's, and I was afraid that people had been putting Ella Walmesly (that's me) and Maurice Ffrance together entirely too much. Mr. Ffrance was very interesting and very charming, and could talk in a delightful manner, altogether different from the run of young men, who generally begin, "Isn't this weather beastly?" His step suited mine to perfection, and we always got on at tennis together, and he told me once that he thought he had discovered something in me that was wanting in most girls. Then we had the same ideas on art and things of that kind, and he had been choosing my books for me at Treacher's all the winter; but that was all.

Mr. White (*the* Mr. White, the author) had been yachting in the summer with Sir William Ffrance's eldest son, and when Maurice came back with him to Brighton we all thought *he* was the one; then we found out quite accidentally that the eldest's name was John. Ever so many people thought Maurice had behaved very badly in not mentioning his brother, and when old Lady Wales began to tease me about him, I thought it was time to put a stop to all silly reports. So I was very dignified, and soon shut her up, and, as I said before, I was glad to get away to Cornwall.

I don't like "good-byes" of any sort, so I avoided Mr. Ffrance as much as I could; in fact, I was really almost rude to him, and I suppose he was huffy; for though I told Kate to let him know the train I was going up by, he didn't come to the station.

You may imagine what kind of a place St. Guythian is when I tell you there is no direct railway there; one has to change at a junction called Rostrec, and wait, sometimes ages, till the little train that runs up and down the single line to St. Guythian comes and fetches one away.

Tom met me at Rostrec, and seemed delighted to see me. I had no idea brothers-in-law could gush so; and in the evening he and Nelly sat round me, and positively hung upon my words, while I told them all home news, and what was going on in London. Before we went to bed Nelly insisted on coming into my room and examining all my clothes. She said it was so long since she had seen a decent gown she could *not* wait. She screamed with delight over my seal-brown plush, but shook her head at my evening dresses.

"You will never want them here," she said. "I wear my summer whites for dinner, and Tom doesn't change. He did at first, but he was called out two or three times in the evening, and his patients laughed at him."

"What sort of society have you?" I asked, settling myself for a comfortable gossip.

"Ella, we have *none*—positively *none*."

"My dear, you are not living on a desert island. The *A. B. C.* says: 'St. Guythian—population, five thousand;' therefore you must have society."

"Well, there are two thousand fishermen and two thousand miners and five hundred shop-keepers."

"And the remaining five hundred?"

"Are old maids."

"But, my dear, the lawyers and bankers and other doctors—aren't there any?"

"Of course there are, but they are ancient beyond belief, and narrow-minded, and altogether hopeless. Wait till you see the clothes they wear! And they invite people out to tea at six and supper at eleven, and in the interval they play pope-joan and look at albums, and the worst of it is we *have* to be civil to them because they are possible patients. If they would only be ill now and then one might stand it, but they are abominably healthy, all of them."

"Will they invite me to tea?"

"Yes; and you'll have to go. We have to ask them back then, and we can't ask them to dinner, because no one else gives dinners. I did try to introduce high teas, and what do you think happened?"

I shook my head.

"Why, they all sat round, and waited and waited, with a hungry look on their faces, and then I heard some one say something about 'after supper,' and it dawned upon me that they meant sitting there till they got another meal."

"How awful! What did you do?"

"Went out and scratched together the cold remains. I have heard since that 'Mrs. Carew gives ridiculously extravagant teas and miserably poor suppers.'"

"Greedy wretches! Is there no one decent at all?"

"The Davises aren't so bad; and then there's the vicar; he is unmarried, and really very nice. I don't know what Tom would do without him; he is the only man he can speak to."

"The vicar doesn't sound very promising," I thought as I got into bed. "Nelly is quite enthusiastic about him, but then she is married."

And so you see I get round to what, or rather to whom, I began about.

In spite of the vaunted Cornish climate, that was the coldest house I've ever been in; I suppose it was being so near the sea. The drawing-room, pride of Nelly's heart by day, was shunned and abhorred at night, as it was impossible to keep warm there; the dining-room was gloomy; and we always chose to sit in the "den," as we called Tom's special apartment, a little upstairs room, with wainscoted walls cut at all sorts of queer angles, and with a window built out over the tiny yard, with its "mesembrianthemum" wall. Beyond the wall was the bay, and often, when it was rough, the wind would bring the spray beating up against the window, and one could get comfortably drenched without going out-of-doors.

Mr. Brymer used to come in nearly every evening to smoke with Tom; and we used to sit round the fire talking about all manner of things. Great fun we had, and great nonsense we talked sometimes. How jolly it is to find people who *can* talk nonsense, isn't it? Mr. Brymer could do it to perfection. He was a splendid hand at chaff, too. You see, being just four congenial souls in that dreary waste of commonplace, we got very intimate, and we used to pick up one another's little foibles and failings, and make fun of them in a merciless manner. Sometimes we were gravely inclined, and would discuss politics and books and metaphysics—at least Tom and Mr. Brymer did; Nelly and I and the curate listened.

The curate was awfully amusing. His real name was Gibson, but Mr. Brymer, for some reason, christened him "The Eagle," and the name seemed to fit him. He was a tall, gawky man, about five-and-thirty, with black hair and eyes and a hooked nose, and a great laugh that would come breaking out when one least expected it. He was only a deacon, and how he ever got a bishop to make him that much I can't understand, for I'm sure he could never pass any examination. But he was a very hard-working, good man, and perhaps they only asked him Bible questions and things to do with religion.

The people of St. Guythian began to give little parties in my honor, as Nell said they would; and when I'd been there about a week I received my first invitation. Nelly pretended she had a headache, and Tom invented a patient miles away, so I went under convoy of the Davises, two middle-aged girls who lived near, and with whom, for lack of others, Nell was rather intimate. There were nine women and two men—*the* eligible bachelors of the place. One was a fat, good-natured creature, called Tremayne, who seemed content with his old-fogyism, but the other still clung to his past reputation as a beau, dyed his hair, wore an embroidered waistcoat, and paid us all compliments.

We had tea, muffins, and buttered cakes and toast, and marmalade. We sat round the table, which had a tray at each end—one with tea, presided over by Mrs. Mathews, the hostess, and one with coffee and Miss Selina Mathews, and we were all very elegant and rather mincing (it was infectious, and I found myself quite catching their way). After tea, Mr. Brymer, Mr. Gibson, and Tom came in, and we all played pope-joan till supper, after which, and without our leaving the table, Mr. Rosewarne and Mr. Tremayne sang songs. Mr. Rosewarne's were sentimental, Mr. Tremayne's comic. The gem of the latter's collection, and one which I was told met with unfailing success, had a refrain something like this:

> "John, don't wriggle the baby;
> Please don't jiggle the baby;
> Be particular, perpendicular
> Always hold the baby."

It had sixteen verses, and they encored it. I didn't think it funny at all, and I didn't see why Mr. Brymer and Tom need have laughed. I *did* laugh when Mr. Rosewarne sang "Love not," but I pretended to cough, and Tom said he must make me up a mixture.

When we got home we found Nelly by the fire with a novel. She said she had had a most enjoyable evening, which was more than I had. The next party I went to I would not play pope-joan, but I got Mr. Brymer into a corner and taught him blind-hooky, which is a simple game, and doesn't fatigue one's intellect. He won everything from me—even my bangles, and he broke one trying to put it on. Tom heard the next day that Mrs. Carew's sister was evidently a terrible flirt.

I suppose all the unmarried women in St. Guythian had tried their hands on the vicar and failed. He was intensely polite to them all, but there was a vein of sarcasm running through his civil speeches which they neither liked nor understood. There was a bazar held at Bodmin soon after he went to St. Guythian, and he sent to it three pairs of slippers, one smoking-cap, one pair of embroidered braces, a tobacco-pouch, and a book-marker, all offerings from his lady parishioners. He told them what he had done, saying, as they were no use to him, he thought they might as well go toward restoring Bodmin church steeple. I believe there was a great deal of indignation felt about it, but he received no more presents.

The Davises told me a great deal about Mr. Brymer; indeed, he was a favorite topic of conversation with them. He was supposed, they said, to have had an unfortunate love affair early in life; he had been deeply attached to a young woman, who treated him most heartlessly. For years after, the very sight of a woman was intolerable to him. As the English Church provides no monasteries for her suffering children, he did the next best thing—went as master in a large public school, until, by the healing influence of years, he felt sufficiently strong to encounter the sex again.

"Oh," said Miss Charlotte Davis, "think what his sufferings must have been! Surely Providence will let him be consoled some day. There must be some woman in the world whose blessed mission it will be to bind up that broken heart."

"Not broken, Lotta," said her sister—"not broken, only bruised."

"Well," said I, "I don't think I pine for the office of spiritual sick-nurse, to go round repairing the ravages that another girl has made; besides, he doesn't occur to me as a woman-hater."

"That is his courtesy; he doesn't show it openly; but he treats us all with a "thus far and no farther" kind of way. For instance, when one goes to the vicarage one is always shown into that prim drawing-room, and never into his library, where one could stay and chat a little."

I did not say anything, but I smiled as I thought of the many times Nelly and I had been in that same library.

Miss Mathews gave me a confessional album to write in, and Mr. Brymer and I concocted our answers together, and made them dovetail in the most absurd manner. For answers to "Who are your favorite composers?" I put "Hydrate of chloral and the Rev. C—l B—r; for my idea of "Manly beauty" I wrote, "A brandy beard and gray eyes"; while he for "Feminine ditto" put an exact description of me. One question was, "If not yourself, who would you choose to be?" and he put "A patient of Dr. Carew's, for then I should soon be myself again," and sent Tom a bill, "To advertisement, five pounds."

On the morning of the 14th of February I got several letters, among them one with the post-mark "Brighton." Something made me read the others before this—the same feeling, I suppose, that makes children eat the jammiest bit of pudding last.

When I opened it I saw it was a valentine in verse:

> "We parted once before; you wept
> When I rose up to go, you did;
> You prayed for me before you slept—
> You little love! you know you did!
>
> "But now no grief is on that brow
> Which *then* you said throbbed so, you did.
> You loved me better then than now—
> You cruel thing, you know you did!
>
> "Do you remember what the sea
> I took you out to show you did?
> You made a pretty simile—
> You false of tongue, you know you did!
>
> "You sighed, 'That life were like its crests
> When summer breezes blow,' you did,
> 'To catch love's light before it rests'—
> You cold, *cold* heart, you know you did!
>
> "What have I done? You smile no more
> On me as once before you did;
> You think my homage *now* a bore;
> You liked it *then*—you know you did!
>
> "'How blest,' you said, 'were life with one
> Who loved you truly!'—oh, you *did!*
> You thought I was an elder son—
> You utter flirt, you know you did!"

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry about it. Of course it was from Maurice Ffrance, and equally of course a man who could write chaffing poetry to a girl couldn't care about her very much. Well, that was quite right and as it should be; but there was a little sting in the last verse somehow, and then I had never had an unpleasant valentine before.

I read it out at breakfast, and we all laughed over it.

"It's very clever," said Tom; "you *are* a mercenary little baggage, aren't you, Ella?"

"Not in the least," I answered, indignantly; "if I cared for a man, I would marry him if he'd only twopence a year. As to the rhymes being *clever*, I've no doubt the person who wrote them sold dozens of copies, for they apply to lots of girls, like the caricatures in Treacher's."

After all, who was Maurice Ffrance that I should care whether he thought well or ill of me?—a mere empty-headed young fellow. If it had been an older man, a man whose opinion one would really value—say, like Mr. Brymer, for instance—one would have hated it; but Mr. Brymer, fond as he was of teasing, would never have done a thing like that.

By-the-bye, he had mentioned that new surplices were wanted for the choir; I would go to the vicarage and see if I could help.

"I don't believe you can sew," he said to me. "Your fingers look as if 'they toil not, neither do they spin'; certainly they don't look fit to wrestle with that stiff linen. The Misses Davis, Mrs. Mathews, Miss Dupuis, and some others are coming to-morrow afternoon to a sort of 'bee,' and they will do them."

"Don't you want me at all, then?"

"Yes; I was going to ask you. I must give them some tea, and as I am an unhappy bachelor, there is no one to pour it out and preside generally; will you undertake to?"

I said yes with a little inward exultation.

He met me in the hall the next afternoon. "They are all in there," he whispered. "I wish Gibson was at home to talk to them." (Mr. Gibson had gone away for a few days' holidays.)

We went into the drawing-room. "Mrs. Mathews," he said, "I've brought you a new recruit; here's Miss Walmesly come to help."

I sat down, and a crackly piece of white stuff was handed to me. When I had travelled tediously along about six inches of it, it was tea-time, and the trays came in. Mr. Brymer looked across at me, and of course I got up and went to pour it out. I saw Mrs. Mathews and Miss Dupuis exchange glances. We began to talk about books in general—novels in particular.

"I read so few novels," remarked Miss Dupuis. "Could you recommend me one or two, Miss Walmesly?"

"I always enjoy Hardy's," I answered, "and Besant and Rice's."

A horrified expression stole over her face. "Besant's?" she said, in faltering tones. "I don't think I should like those."

"Oh yes, you would," I persisted; "they are jolly."

"In London they may be considered so," she said, "but in Cornwall—a—ahem!—a young girl would not at least *own* to having read them. I only know of their existence through the papers."

"Papers?" I repeated, completely mystified.

"Yes, papers. Where one sees things referring to the books written by the—the *person* you mention, in conjunction with Mr. Bradlaugh."

I collapsed. But through my inward merriment I caught the sound of Mr. Brymer's voice trying to explain that though the names were identical, the authors were not.

"Don't you want this twaddle blown out of your brain?" he asked me, when the meeting was over. "Come for a walk up Tregowan hill."

So we went where the road ran along the top of the cliffs and the wind came in sweet and fresh across the Atlantic. He was in rather a sentimental mood, and talked of the loneliness of his position, and how he felt the need of sympathy sometimes. And I, being in a *confiding* mood, told him about my valentine.

"It's not that I much mind," I said, "but one hates to have anybody think unkind things of one."

"And they are not true, those things that your valentine hints at?"

"Of course not."

"Why was it sent?"

"Because—oh, because people are so stupid, and think things."

"There is no smoke without fire, Miss Ella. I think you must have refused some one once because he wasn't rich. Come, 'candid confession is good for the soul.'"

"Well, then, I didn't; for no one ever asked me."

"But if they had?"

"It isn't the part of a confessor to ask indiscreet questions," I answered; "and here we are at home."

Mr. Gibson thought there never was any one like *his* vicar. He would sit open eyed and mouthed listening to him, not understanding half of what he said, but admiring all the same. The evening after his return from Yorkshire they both came in. There was a little conscious air about "The Eagle," we noticed, and by-and-by we learned the cause.

"Mrs. Carew," began Mr. Brymer, "Aquila there had a valentine while he was away. What do you think of that for a parson?"

"I think it's very shocking; but I hardly wonder at it."

"No, nor I. I suppose they can't help it."

"What is it like, and who sent it?" I asked, innocently enough.

A loud guffaw and a confused mumble that sounded like "Come, that is a good one," burst from Mr. Gibson.

"It was anonymous, Miss Walmesly," explained the vicar; "but it is in a lady's hand, and bears the St. Guythian post-mark."

"Hand it out, and let's see," said Tom.

After some pressing, it was produced. Like mine, it was in verse, and ran thus:

> "What is the title of that theme of themes
> That shockingly I love, I love to speak on,
> The bright ideal of my girlish dreams?—
> William the Deacon.
>
> "Thy raven hair, thy eagle-chiselled nose,
> Thy bright eye flashing forth as does a beacon;
> The grace with which thou turnest out thy toes—
> William the Deacon.
>
> "The mellowness of thy most solemn tones
> Makes an impression that no time can weaken.
> So different when Mr. Brymer drones—
> William the Deacon.
>
> "Oh, must I vainly, hopelessly thus pine?
> May I not, dearest, fondly lay my cheek on
> Thy manly bosom? Oh, be mine, be mine!—
> William the Deacon."

"There are not many girls in St. Guythian who *could* have written it, for it's clever," said Mr. Brymer, when it was ended. Then Mr. Gibson looked at me and laughed again. I saw it all in a minute. I was supposed to be the authoress. The idea of my pining for William Gibson was so irresistibly comic that I went into peals of laughter, which perhaps only increased their suspicions.

On the second Sunday in March Tom went away to Exeter for a couple of days or so, and Nell and I felt rather dull in consequence. We went to church in the morning, and heard Mr. Gibson preach, then in the afternoon Nell went groaningly off to Sunday-school. It was considered her duty to have a class there, but how she hated

it no one can imagine. I'm sure if doing a thing one loathes is meritorious, she deserved a golden crown for the two hours of purgatory she went through once a week. She had a class of about fifteen girls, their ages varying from intelligent twelve to stupid eighteen, all of them with quaint Cornish names—Graces, Tamsons, Lovedays, Honors—and a nastier set of girls I defy you to find anywhere. Pert, independent, and cheeky, not of the "live upon your daily rations, keep within your proper stations, bless the squire and his relations," type that one finds in agricultural districts. Nell thought with joy that she had hit upon a simple efficacious means of keeping these giggling, sniggering misses quiet. She would hear them scramble through the collect and gospel, and then, without further explanation, would read to them for the rest of the afternoon, while absolute quiet reigned in Mrs. Carew's corner. One day the vicar took it into his head to see what they were all doing.

"What book have you got?" he asked, and leaning over Nell's shoulder, read the title, "*Lady Audley's Secret*, Vol. II."

He made no comment then, but he remonstrated privately with her on her choice of literature.

"Well, it's all your fault and Tom's," she said. "You will make me go to that horrid place, and I would read anything to keep them quiet."

He mildly suggested to her that the supposed object of a Sunday-school was to impart religious instruction. She obstinately stuck to it that her plan was a good one, pointing, as a proof thereof, to the fact that for more than a month her class had been the best behaved of the lot. She begged hard to be allowed to finish the book, but he was firm, and so she had to make some excuse, and they dropped again into their old ways, poor Nell trying hard to "expound," while the girls conversed in undertones and frolicsomely pinched each other.

On this particular Sunday, while she was away, there came a ring at the door. I heard a manly voice asking for Miss Walmesly, and in a minute up came Sarah, having a card with the name "Maurice Ffrance." For one moment my heart gave a great throb of joy; then I remembered the valentine.

"Tell him that Dr. and Mrs. Carew are out, and I am engaged," I said. Then I heard the door bang and steps retreating down the street. Before I had time to feel sorry for what I had done, Nell came in, full of her grievances against the girls.

"Beasts! I do *hate* them," she said, as she flung her hat down. "I won't go to that horrid school any more. Why should I have my Sunday afternoons spoiled? You don't, and Tom doesn't. Ella, I met a most distinguished stranger just this minute; he stared at me in the most extraordinary manner." Receiving no answer to this, she went on: "Ella, my dear, wake up and listen to the wind. Cromow told me just now that no one could stand on the pier. Come and look at the sea."

I went to the window. The wind was lashing the water up furiously, and right out to sea, beyond the light-house, was a line of white ominous-looking breakers, and every now and then a great wave beat against the wall, and sent the spray with a slap up against the glass. Then we saw a ship round the corner and come driving straight for the rocks. She was so close that we looked down on her almost as one looks on the stage. We could see men running about on deck, we could hear their cries to one another. It was very awful, but intensely interesting. She pitched so that sometimes we thought she must go right over. Then suddenly the wind dropped, she righted herself, swung round, and sailed slowly into the harbor.

It was only a temporary lull, though; as night came on the storm grew worse. Mr. Gibson came in after evening service, and while he was talking to us the front door was flung open, and Mr. Brymer's voice called up the stairs, "There's a ship on the rocks."

We caught up shawls, and hurried down after Mr. Gibson. Ahead of us we could see the vicar and another man tearing along the cobbled road, then down a narrow winding alley called "The Warren," which led to the sea.

On the beach we found all St. Guythian gazing with frightened eyes on a vessel that, with broken masts and torn sails and cordage, was battling hopelessly with the terrible waves that threatened every moment to dash her against the cliffs.

"Can nothing be done?" asked Nell of an old fisherman.

He shook his head. "Nothing could get nigh her but the Gudjal life-boat, and I reckon she's got work of her own to do."

Then I saw Mr. Brymer. He was standing on something that raised him above the crowd, his hand resting on the shoulder of a man whose back was toward me. The vicar's voice sounded out above the noisy storm.

"Men," he cried, "are we going to let them drown without one effort to save them? There are women there, and children."

A hoarse murmur ran through the crowd, and a shrill voice screamed, "There be women here too, marster, whose husbands aren't going to certain death."

"I don't want the husbands," he answered. "Here are Gibson and I and my friend here, three unmarried men. Now where are the others? Tom Trevorron, Matthew Balchin, aren't you coming?"

"I'm wid ye, sor," said an Irish voice; and Michael Cassidy, the coast guard, stepped out, to be followed by others, brave, stalwart fellows, but hitherto lacking a leader. They got the coast guard's boat, and my heart sank when I saw the first man to get in her was Maurice Ffrance.

How selfish women are! All the time that boat was laboring in that boiling sea Nelly kept up a little stream of satisfaction. "How thankful—oh, how thankful I am that Tom's in Exeter!"

Three times did it come and go with its cargo of half-drowned wretches. There were plenty of volunteers now—men who wouldn't be shamed by "the passons." Most of them only went once, but Maurice wouldn't leave the boat. Mr. Brymer was leaning, drenched and white, against an old hull that stuck up on the sand.

"When did he come?" I asked him.

"Last night. He was one of my boys, you know. I heard about you ages ago. But when I knew you, I didn't believe that you could behave so cruelly as he seemed to think, and so I wrote *that*; when I saw how you took it, I was sure you weren't so mercenary as you seemed, so I advised him to come and try his luck."

"I wouldn't see him this afternoon, because—because of that valentine."

"I know, Ella, I'm too larky for a parson, I'm afraid. I wrote that valentine."

"Why?"

"Because I thought you needed a lesson perhaps, and perhaps because the old Adam isn't dead in me yet."

"Did you write 'The Eagle's' too?"

"Yes, but I told him a day or two after. Would you see him now, Ella?"

"Yes."

A figure was coming across the sand.

"Maurice," he called out, "here is an old friend of yours who is anxious that you should change those wet clothes, lest you should take a chill."

And we walked up home together.

AGNES POWER.

HARRISON PHŒBUS.

MR. HARRISON PHŒBUS, to whose foresight and energy seekers of health and pleasure owe the improvement (it might even be said the creation) of one of the most delightful resorts on the Atlantic coast, died at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, on February 25. It was he who saw the advantages of Old Point, and by his industry and energy made it famous. He purchased the Hygeia Hotel in 1874 by the help of his friend MR. SHOEMAKER, of Baltimore, and so conducted it that it attracted more visitors from every part of the Union and from other countries than any other Southern resort; and most people who came to know the place came also to know and to esteem the man who did what nature had failed of doing to make it delightful.

Mr. PHŒBUS was a man of uncommon energy. He was born in Maryland, forty-six years ago, of very poor parents. At eighteen he was a lumberman, at nineteen a builder, and at twenty he was conducting a business of his own. At twenty-three he was a driver for an express company in Baltimore, in the service of which he became a special messenger, and was intrusted with responsible work. It was as the agent of the Adams Express Company that he first went to Fortress Monroe—a position that he filled at the time of his death. All the useful offices of the place were held by him: he was postmaster, a notary public, a United States commissioner, an agent for steam-ship companies—all which meant simply that everything that was done at Old Point Comfort which made it an attractive place was done under the personal supervision of this energetic man. He refused nominations for Congress and other opportunities to extend the range of his usefulness, and with generosity and good-nature, as well as with indomitable energy, devoted himself to making his fellow-men comfortable and happy.

FOX-HUNTING NEAR NEW YORK.

THE fact that a considerable number of young men in this city combine with the more ordinary accomplishments of the day the ability to ride across country is without doubt due to the establishment in this vicinity of several popular and successful fox-hunting clubs. It is quite safe to say that no amount of galloping through the Park or of hurdle-jumping in the riding-schools of the city would have given that proficiency in the saddle which is to-day shown by the riding of many of the fashionable young men, and young women too, for that matter, of New York. It is easy to decry the fox-hunting proclivities of the young American of the period, and ridicule finds a ready mount on which to attend each meet of the riders to hounds, but the fact remains that the sport is of necessity a manly one, and that it is steadily growing in popularity. A fearless and skilful rider is sure to command the respect and admiration of all beholders.

The first attempt to revive fox-hunting in this country was made at Hackensack, New Jersey, in the year 1875. The word "revive" is used advisedly, for prior to the Revolution the sport found many patrons in Virginia, Kentucky, and other of the Southern States, and it is a matter of record that a capital pack of fox-hounds and hunters were kept and used on Long Island. The nature of the country about Hackensack was by no means suited to the purpose, nor were the methods pursued by the inexperienced sportsmen at that time calculated to win much public commendation of the sport. There was more game in the undertaking for the daily newspapers than for the huntsmen, and the columns of ridicule that were put forth concerning the wildly exciting pursuits of imaginary foxes by Jersey-men on buckboards and in spring-wagons were highly amusing. Even in those days, and amid the ridiculous surroundings, there now and then appeared a rider who seemed imbued with the true spirit of the chase, and who found real pleasure and healthful profit in it. Two years later, in 1877, a drag pack was established at Meadow Brook, near Garden City, on Long Island, and was known as the Queens County Drag Hunt. A dozen couples of hounds were imported, wheels were eliminated from the chase, and something like the genuine fox-hunting sport was to be had. As was naturally to have been expected, difficulties arose between the riders and the Long-Islanders whose grounds were ridden over, and after a time the Queens County hounds were removed to Westchester County—a country so unpromising for cross-country riding that the club was compelled to abandon it after a short trial, and to return to Long Island. Mutual concessions were made by the huntsmen and the Long Island farmers; and as the members of the two prosperous clubs that are now firmly established on Long Island are gentlemen and fair-minded men, it is seldom that any difficulties through damages to property now occur, or, if they arise, are not speedily and satisfactorily settled. It is no doubt a source of wonder to many persons who have read of the successful hunts of the Long Island clubs how the matter of trespass upon private property is arranged so that there is not a constant squabble between the huntsmen and farmers. The Duke of Beaufort, one of the most devoted riders to hounds in England, has made some very sensible remarks on this subject. "The great difficulty I find in hunting the country," said he, "is caused entirely by the reckless and idiotic manner in which some of the field delight to ride over wheat seeds, beans, or other crops, when they might ride over grass, or even take the trouble to ride up a furrow. Gentlemen should recollect that fox-hunting can only go on by mutual forbearance on the part of owners and occupiers who are not sportsmen—very great on their part—and that calls for all the more forbearance on the part of those who hunt and enjoy sports and ride over the lands of others." It is in this spirit that the majority of the huntsmen on Long Island have acted from the outset, and as each club has its damage fund for the repair of fences, etc., there has been very little complaint from the farmers and property owners.

In 1879 the Rockaway Hunt was established, having its kennels first at Lawrence, Long Island, and afterward removing to Far Rockaway. About a year ago the club moved to a new club-house at Cedar Hurst. Several years ago the Queens County hounds and the Rockaway Hunting Club combined, with the understanding that the club should be known as the Rockaway Hunting Club, and the hounds known as the Queens County hounds of the Hunting Club, thus preserving the two names. The Meadow Brook Club is also an organization of several years' standing, having its kennels near Hempstead, Long Island. It is a meet of the hounds of this club that is shown in the accompanying illustration. An idea of the extent to which the sport is carried on Long Island may be gathered from the fact that the Rockaway Club alone has over seventy members, with a corresponding number of three-quarter bred hunting-horses in the stables, and a pack of trained hounds numbering twenty-four couples. The Meadow Brook Club is about the same in size. Although called "fox-hunting," no pretence of riding down a real fox has been made by either of these clubs for a long time. The hounds follow a trail scented with anise or herring, and a stiff ride it usually is, for the average American rider is quite as plucky as his English cousin. The run is generally from six to eight miles in length, and if any one doubts that the meets of these clubs, spring and fall, furnish examples of daring and magnificent riding, or that it is anything like child's play, let him cross over to Long Island and see how very much in error his impressions have been. In addition to the Long Island clubs there are also several successfully managed hunts in other parts of the country, notably the Essex County Hunt at Orange, New Jersey, that of the Elkridge Fox-hunting Club near Baltimore, Maryland, and one or two near Philadelphia.

CHARLES H. JONES.

AT a recent convention of the National Editorial Association of the United States, held at Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. CHARLES H. JONES, the editor of the *Times-Union*, of Jacksonville, Florida, was elected President. This association grew out of a suggestion offered at the annual session of the Minnesota Editorial Association nearly two years ago, and its first convention took place during the progress of the first World's Fair at New Orleans. At that convention eighteen States were represented, and Mr. R. B. HERBERT, of the *Republican*, of Red Wing, Minnesota, was elected President, Mr. JONES being chosen as First Vice-President. The recent meeting at Cincinnati, which continued for three days, was attended by delegates from a number of the Western and Southern States, the Eastern and Middle States being very slimly represented. Texas sent sixteen delegates, Louisiana thirteen, Colorado seven, and the Indian Territory one; but there were none present from the State of New York, and only three from all of New England. Mr. JONES, who was honored by his selection for the Presidency, is a gentleman of learning and culture, and is about thirty-nine years of age. He was born in Georgia, and entered the Confederate service at the age of sixteen, serving under General HOOD. He came North soon after the close of the war, and found employment in the Putnam publishing house of this city. He afterward connected himself with the *Eclectic Magazine* of New York, and was subsequently made its editor, which post he filled until about three years ago. During his literary career in this city he contributed extensively to *Appleton's Journal*, and also found time to do considerable work as an author, putting forth a number of books, including a *Life of Charles Dickens*, a *Life of Lord Macaulay*, a volume entitled *Vers de Société*, an *Encyclopædia of African Travel*, and a *Domestic Encyclopædia*. In 1883 he went to Florida to prepare a book on that State. While there he negotiated for the purchase of the Jacksonville *Union*, but not succeeding in obtaining control of that paper, he started an independent newspaper known as the Florida *Times*. He subsequently bought out the *Union*, and consolidated the two papers under the title of the *Times-Union* of Jacksonville. He was a delegate to the Chicago National Convention, and is a strong supporter of President CLEVELAND.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

FOR the development of art as applied to the illustration of books, which has been so delightfully and so universally extended in our day, the English-reading world is indebted to no one more than to the English artist Mr. RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. Mr. CALDECOTT made a place (it might be said that he made a field) of his own in popular illustration. His work had a graceful humor that was recognizable at once, but did not so repeat itself as to lose its charm. Among the first books that he illustrated were WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Old Christmas* and *Bracebridge Hall*, his editions of which appeared ten years ago. MRS. COMYNS CARR'S *North Italian Folk*, BLACKBURN'S *Breton Folk*, and other books of similar kind appeared with his illustrations before he began that series of picture-books by which his name became a household word in every land where English-speaking children live. *John Gilpin* and *The House that Jack Built* were followed for six or eight years with two delightfully illustrated books a year. Mr. CALDECOTT did much work for the London *Graphic*, and many of his drawings which originally appeared in the *Graphic* have been reproduced in colors. Besides his fame as an illustrator, he achieved distinction both as a painter and as a sculptor. Though he had no artistic training in his youth, he became a member of a number of British associations of artists, and his works have been exhibited at the Royal Academy.

A few months ago Mr. CALDECOTT came to America, hoping to regain his health, and the last work he did was a few drawings of views in Florida for the *Graphic*. He died at St. Augustine on February 13, in the forty-first year of his age.

CRYSTALS IN BUTTER.

READERS of HARPER'S WEEKLY will remember the interesting paper by Dr. Thomas Taylor, printed in the number for October 3, 1885, illustrated from magnified crystals of butter and animal fats respectively, and showing how to distinguish genuine butter from the imitations. The following letter, addressed to the Washington *Star*, deals with a criticism of the method of testing butter described in the article in question:

In your issue of the 18th there appeared a despatch from Columbus, Ohio, under the caption, "A point for oleomargarine men," in which I find the following statement:

"Professor Weber has discovered that the mixing of a little water and salt with the oleomargarine, a process it always undergoes, causes the bogus butter to develop under the microscope exactly such crystals as are found in the legitimate article, and the same result can be obtained with pure tallow treated in like manner. This discovery destroys in a great measure the usefulness of Dr. Taylor's discovery, and strengthens the position of the oleomargarine manufacturers."

It seems scarcely possible that Professor Weber's position is correctly represented in the foregoing statement. If it were true that "the mixing of a little water and salt with the oleomargarine causes the bogus butter to develop under the microscope exactly such crystals as are found in the legitimate article," no oleomargarine would be found in the market without these crystals, since, as is stated in the above extract, "the mixing of salt and water with oleomargarine is a process it always undergoes."

Now the fact is that when the bogus butters of commerce are examined under the microscope without having first been boiled, the crystals which I have described as peculiar to butter are not to be seen, even in the case where butter is present in the mixture. The crystallization of butter, as I have again and again stated, does not take place until after boiling.

Since nearly all the butter substitutes contain more or less butter, it follows that when boiled and the crystallization takes place, there are crystals of butter present, although not easily discerned. On trituration with alcohol or other suitable fluid a portion of the butter crystals are separated from the fats with which they are mechanically mixed, and float into the field of view. The fraudulent character of the article, however, will be distinctly shown by the presence in large quantities of the crystals characteristic of the lard, beef suet, or other fat used as an adulterant.

As to the statement that "the same result can be obtained with pure tallow treated in like manner," I can only say that the mixing of a small quantity of salt and water with pure beef tallow has no effect whatever on its crystals, as my every-day experience demonstrates; its only effect, as is known to chemical science, is to preserve the caseine in butter and the tissues in fat from putrefaction.

In spite of the fact that salt and water are always used in the manufacture of bogus butter, I have found, in an experience of about ten years, that these counterfeits invariably show the crystals which I have described and published as characteristic of the fats used in their manufacture, these being usually beef and lard, especially the latter. I have therefore no fear that the usefulness of my discoveries as a practical means of distinguishing oleomargarine or other counterfeits from butter will ever be destroyed, or that the position of the oleomargarine manufacturers will ever be strengthened by a "little salt and water."

Very respectfully,

THOMAS TAYLOR, M.D.,
Microscopist, U. S. Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D. C.

THE NEW YORK CAR STRIKE.

THE strike of New York horse-car drivers, conductors, and stable-men, which began with a single line on Tuesday, March 2, and culminated on Friday in a universal tie-up of every road, was the most extensive ever known in the city.

The first strike was that of the Dry-Dock, East Broadway, and Battery Railroad, which has branches from Grand Street Ferry through Grand Street to Cortlandt Street Ferry and Desbrosses Street Ferry, and from City Hall to East Twenty-third Street and East Thirty-fourth Street. The strikers numbered 800.

Several days before the strike the men had presented their petition to the president of the company. He advertised in Sunday's papers for new employés, but those who were engaged were gathered in by the strikers, so that the strike of Tuesday was complete. On Wednesday it continued.

On Thursday morning an attempt was made to run blue car No. 155 through Grand Street. The track ahead soon began to fill up. A big brewery wagon was overturned at one point; coal-carts became stalled, and relieved themselves by leaving their contents on the tracks; lumber, cobble-stones, hogsheads, bricks, and barrels rapidly accumulated, and at East Broadway junction the switch-plate was taken up. The hard job was then abandoned, and the car retreated.

The municipal authorities now found themselves face to face with a formidable riot. With any portion of the grievance of the men which was really founded on unreasonable overwork or other injustice public sympathy was not lacking; but the duty of the city authorities as to the positive infraction of law was clear, and accordingly Superintendent MURRAY, of the police force, prepared to discharge it.

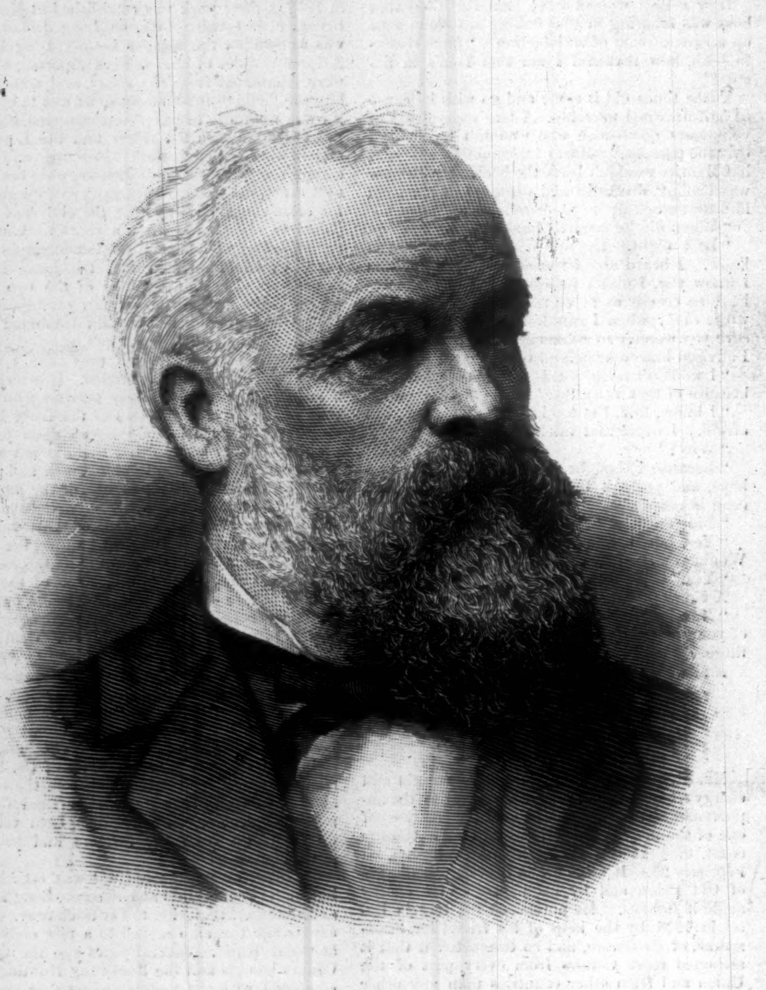
Applied to by the railroad company for the protection of its property and its employés, he collected 750 policemen, and at half past 2 P.M. essayed the task of taking blue car 155, which had been blocked in the morning, on the round trip from river to river and back. He had already distributed 500 of his men along Grand Street from end to end, on each side, and now placed the remaining available forces around the car, strong platoons being in front, on both sides, and bringing up the rear. Thus it proceeded like a military procession, an office employé of the company driving, another employé conducting, and two officials of the company acting the unenviable rôle of passengers.

The streets were thronged with a mob that groaned, hissed, and jeered from the sidewalks, while from every window there were angry jabbering and shaking of fists. Before long a pile of lumber was encountered, which the police escort removed. Soon the obstructions multiplied—cobble-stones, heaps of ashes, loads of sand, bales of rags, barrels and boxes, and even big baggage trucks, wheels uppermost. It was near one of these, at Eldridge Street, which had brought the cortége to a full stop, that the first serious trouble occurred. Scarcely had MURRAY called to his men, "Lift off that truck," when from the crowd, which surged and eddied in closer at every pause in the progress, a stone whizzed past his head. The cry "Charge!" rang out, and instantly the heavy clubs went aloft, and descended on the heads and shoulders nearest. With wild cries of alarm the crowd scattered in all directions, a few badly clubbed, some injured by being trampled upon, while show windows were smashed, and hats and bonnets were strewn on the street as the result of the fray.

When the Bowery was reached, another severe blockade was found. There the Second Avenue line runs through Grand Street, and as its cars successively came up their drivers were called upon by the mob to unhitch their horses, whereupon the cars had been overturned all along the line at this point, some lying on their sides and some even on their roofs. The police worked steadily at the barricade, and at length car 155 went forward. At Sullivan and Thompson streets showers of eggs fell on the policemen, with an occasional cup or bottle. At Canal Street there was a barricade of Sixth and Eighth Avenue cars all askew. At last the ferry was reached, and car 155 turned about. In exactly two hours the four mile round trip was finished, car 155 was locked up in its stables, and the extempore driver and conductor, BRODIE and ANGUS, escorted back to the offices by a guard of fifty police.

That night the Empire Protective Association, which backs the strikers, through a committee ordered all horse-car employés in the city to stop work at 4 A.M. on Friday, in aid of the Dry Dock employés, and also those of the Atlantic Avenue line in Brooklyn.

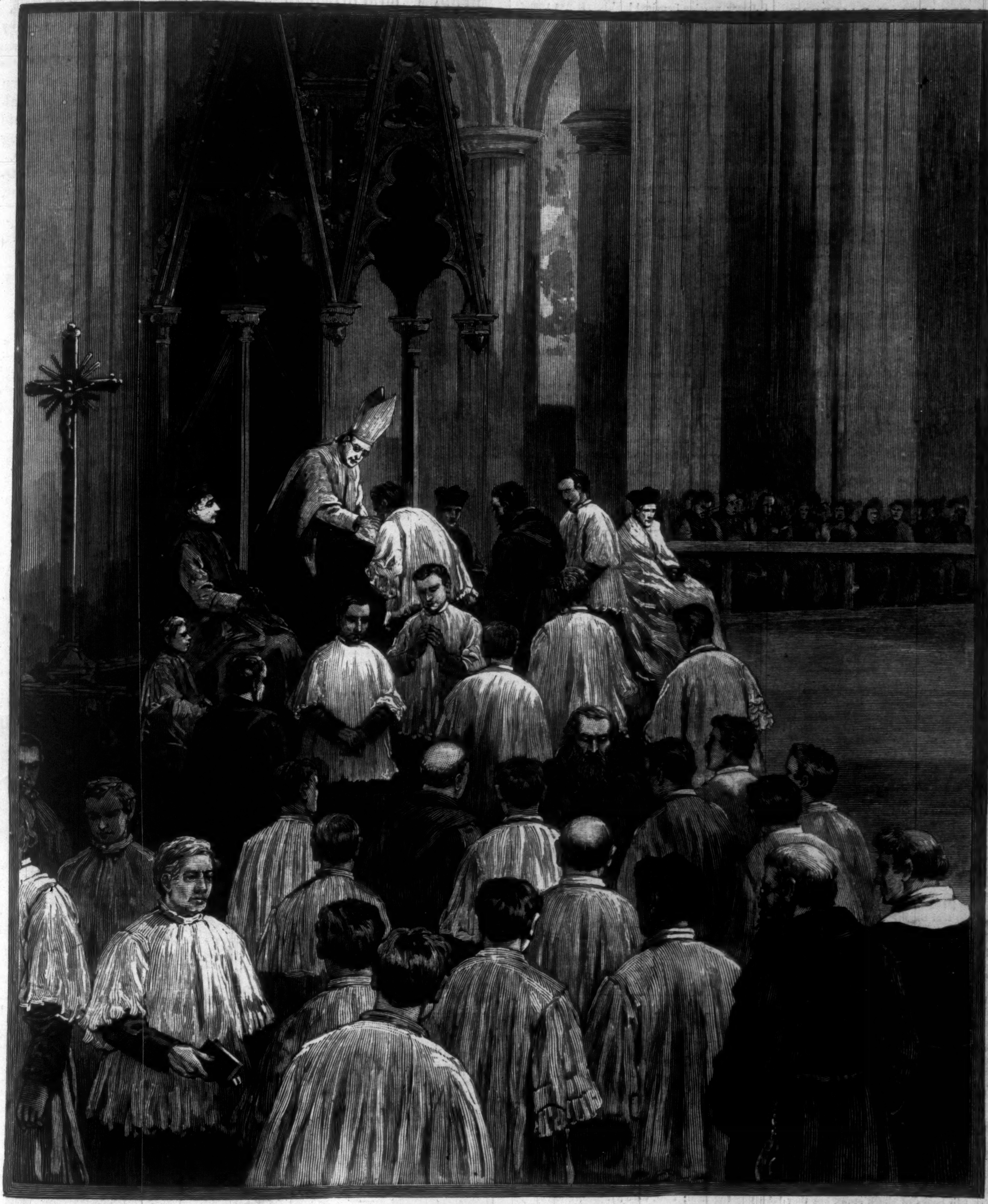
This mandate was fully obeyed, and on Friday morning the cars stopped throughout the city of New York, while 15,000 employés, it is estimated, went out. The Railroad Commissioners at once urgently set to work to adjust the difficulty, and with such success that soon after noon the great strike was ended. Commissioner O'DONNELL acted as arbitrator, and the basis of the agreement was two dollars for a day's work of twelve hours, allowing half an hour for dinner.



RAILROAD COMMISSIONER JOHN O'DONNELL, ARBITRATOR IN THE STREET RAILROAD STRIKE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

THE LEGISLATIVE INVESTIGATION OF THE BROADWAY RAILROAD FRANCHISE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

1. Jacob Sharp. 2. Roscoe Conkling. 3. Clarence A. Seward. 4. Senator Low.



THE INVESTITURE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY JOHN DURKIN.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

ON Thursday, March 4, St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, was thronged with a multitude of people, which overflowed in the surrounding streets, brought together by interest in the impressive ceremony of installing MICHAEL AUGUSTUS CORRIGAN as Archbishop of New York. The pallium, which is the insignia of the authority and dignity of an archbishop in the Roman Catholic Church, and is worn only on solemn occasions, like Christmas and Easter, had arrived the day before from the hands of the Pope, Archbishop ELDER, of Cincinnati, having been the messenger charged with its delivery. The ceremony of installation was participated in by Archbishop GIBBONS, of Baltimore, the new Cardinal-elect, Archbishop WILLIAMS, of Boston, Archbishop ELDER, of Cincinnati, Archbishop RYAN, of Philadelphia, nearly twenty bishops from New York and other States, and more than two hundred other priests. A large choir was made up by adding those of St. Paul's and St. Francis Xavier's churches to that of the Cathedral. The procession of priests, in their varied robes, from the neighboring Orphan Asylum in Madison Avenue, furnished a spectacle to the outdoor crowd. It was joined at the archiepiscopal residence by Archbishop CORRIGAN and his attendants, and met at the Cathedral entrance by a train of priests and acolytes, headed by Monsignor QUINN, Vicar-General, and rector of the parish. The new Archbishop was arrayed in full pontifical robes and mitre, and carried in his hand a massive gold crozier. He was escorted to the great throne, attended by Monsignors PRESTON and FARLEY. The other archbishops sat near him, and the bishops were grouped on the opposite side of the sanctuary. The great marble altar was brilliantly lighted, and the choir sang St. Casimir's hymn while the salutations to the chief dignitary were in progress. The Archbishop then chanted the prayer of St. Patrick, which was followed by the presentation of an address pledging to him the loyal support of the clergy of his archdiocese. To this he made a brief reply, standing upon the throne. He retired, and replaced his heavy pontifical vestments with a plain robe of purple, and the solemn votive mass of the Blessed Virgin was then celebrated by Archbishop ELDER, assisted by several priests. Archbishop RYAN delivered an address from the pulpit, devoted in part to a tribute to the memory of the late Cardinal-Archbishop MCCLOSKEY. The ceremony of investiture with the pallium followed. The Archbishop was again attired in full pontifical vestments, including the cape of cloth of gold and the archiepiscopal mitre. He knelt on the altar step at the feet of Archbishop GIBBONS, and read from the missal held before him the oath binding him to the propagation of the faith and the extirpation of heresy, and pledging his faith to the Sovereign Pontiff. The pallium was taken from the altar by Archbishop GIBBONS and placed about the neck of the new Archbishop of New York, who uttered the prescribed formula in Latin, and, rising, advanced to the front of the altar and chanted the apostolic benediction. The chanting of the *Te Deum* closed the services.

The pallium is made of white lamb's-wool, and is dotted with black crosses fastened by golden pins studded with precious stones. It is one of the most ancient vestments of the Church. In the Greek Church it is worn by bishops, but in the Roman Church only by archbishops. One of the earliest representations of church ceremonies is a painting discovered in the ancient Church of St. Clement in Rome of the installation of St. Clement as Pope. St. Peter is represented as investing Clement with the pallium, and installing him in the papal seat. When a prelate is not invested at Rome, the pallium is always sent by the Pope at the hands of a trusty messenger, who must be an ecclesiastic specially commissioned for the purpose. It must be delivered to the person designated by the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda to receive it, and to no one else. The messenger is not discharged of his responsibility until the act of investiture is concluded. The prelate who places the pallium on the shoulders of the newly installed archbishop is also designated at Rome.

THE BROADWAY RAILROAD.

It was in 1851 that Jacob Sharp first appeared as an applicant for permission to build and operate a surface railroad in Broadway. The contest was carried on in the Legislature at Albany, for the most part, during the thirty-three years that elapsed before he won the prize, but even at the outset the New York Board of Aldermen showed a great desire to assist him. Probably it is not generally known even to citizens who have taken great interest in the work of the Senate committee of investigation that the Aldermen voted the coveted franchise to Sharp thirty-four years ago, over a Mayor's veto and in the face of an injunction, and were punished for their action, one member of the Board spending fifteen days in jail, and paying a fine of $250, while several others were forced to pay fines and costs. The fight for the possession of Broadway played a part in State politics, and its influence was felt even in national conventions and campaigns. Not until 1884 was the indefatigable Sharp able to procure the passage of a law that finally transferred the contest from Albany to the city of New York.

Resolutions empowering Sharp and his associates to build the road were passed by the Aldermen on August 6, 1884, only one member voting in the negative. These resolutions were vetoed by the Mayor, who declared that the franchise could easily be sold at auction for $1,000,000. In fact, that sum had been offered by more than one company, but the Aldermen preferred to give the prize to Sharp. The resolutions were passed over the veto, at a special meeting called in great haste, on August 30. Owing to some technical defects, the Board's action was afterward repeated, and the second veto was overridden on December 6, 1884. The road was built, and its business and profits are enormous. But the scandal caused by the Aldermen's action and by the financial operations of Sharp's company was so great that the Legislature was forced by public opinion to send a committee of investigation to the city. This committee employed ex-Senator Conkling and Mr. Clarence A. Seward as counsel, and Mr. Sharp and his friends have relied upon the advice of Mr. George Bliss. The first testimony was given on February 6.

The facts drawn out thus far are very remarkable; but while it may be difficult to account for them upon any theory except one that assumes that there was bribery, it does not appear that bribery has been proved, or that any evidence has been procured upon which any person involved could be convicted of a misdemeanor. The Broadway and Seventh Avenue Company had for years occupied Broadway from Union Square northward. The franchise for Broadway below Union Square was procured in behalf of this company, and with the understanding that the new company should unite with it. Sharp built the new road, and it was transferred to the old company. The new company issued stock to the par value of $1,000,000, and bonds to the amount of $2,500,000, for "construction and equipment," based upon its road and franchise. The old company guaranteed the interest on the bonds—which were sold at 107—and more than 9500 of the new company's 10,000 shares of stock were turned over to the old company, to be used for the old company's benefit. The old company also mortgaged its property for $500,000 to raise money to be used in "enlarging its depot and extending its facilities." Sharp testified a year or two ago that the proposed road could be built for $100,000. The committee finds that the cost was about $138,000. But there was raised a fund of $2,500,000, to say nothing of the stock and the proceeds of the old company's $500,000 mortgage, and the committee has been trying to find out what became of all this money. Both the bonds and the stock were placed in Sharp's hands, and Sharp is the man who ought to know where the money went. He declares that he paid to lawyers more than $200,000, and used $450,000 in buying out the old stage companies. He testified on one day that he had $200,000 in bonds remaining, and on the following day reported that he had $549,000. He gave $65,000 in bonds to James J. Belden because Mr. Belden had induced one of his friends to subscribe for 100 shares ($10,000 worth) of the new company's stock. There was no other consideration. This is an example taken from Sharp's list of disbursements. But it was difficult to draw from him even such testimony as this, for his memory had almost entirely failed him. He had preserved no record of his transactions. He had one or two books of check stubs, but they bore no entries beyond an occasional date. In September, 1885, he had nearly $950,000 on deposit in a bank, and a few weeks later he reduced this deposit to about $50,000 by checks, but although he drew $633,000 in checks on one day, he could remember very little about the disposition of the money. Checks for $200,000 or $300,000 seemed to have vanished from his memory, leaving no trace. He always drew checks payable to "cash," and of course their destination was not revealed by names or endorsements. Very remarkable testimony has been given by Mr. Foshay, President of the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad Company, who placed the proceeds of the $500,000 mortgage in currency in a safe-deposit vault instead of a bank, and after nearly a year had passed turned over about $450,000 to Sharp to be used in paying lawyers and buying stage lines; and by Director Hays, of the same company, who, as trustee, signed the bonds of a mortgage for $1,500,000 without, as he says, knowing anything about them, and without knowing anything about the business of the company of which he is a director.

Some of the Aldermen who served in 1884 have attended the committee's meetings, and others are reported to be in Florida and New Jersey, nursing impaired health. It was rumored at one time that at least one of these men had determined to disclose some facts that others would like to conceal, but the rumor appears to have had no foundation in fact.

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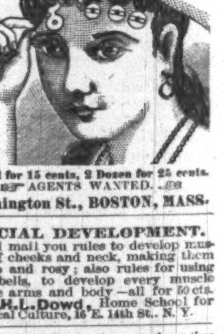

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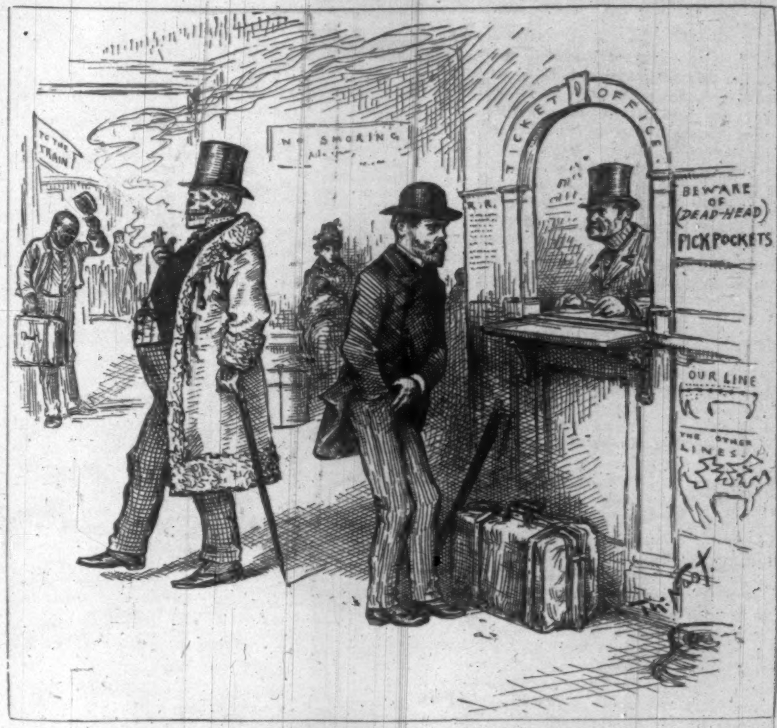

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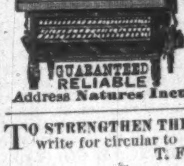

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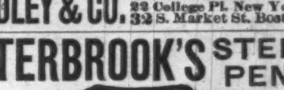

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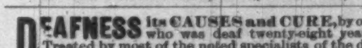

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